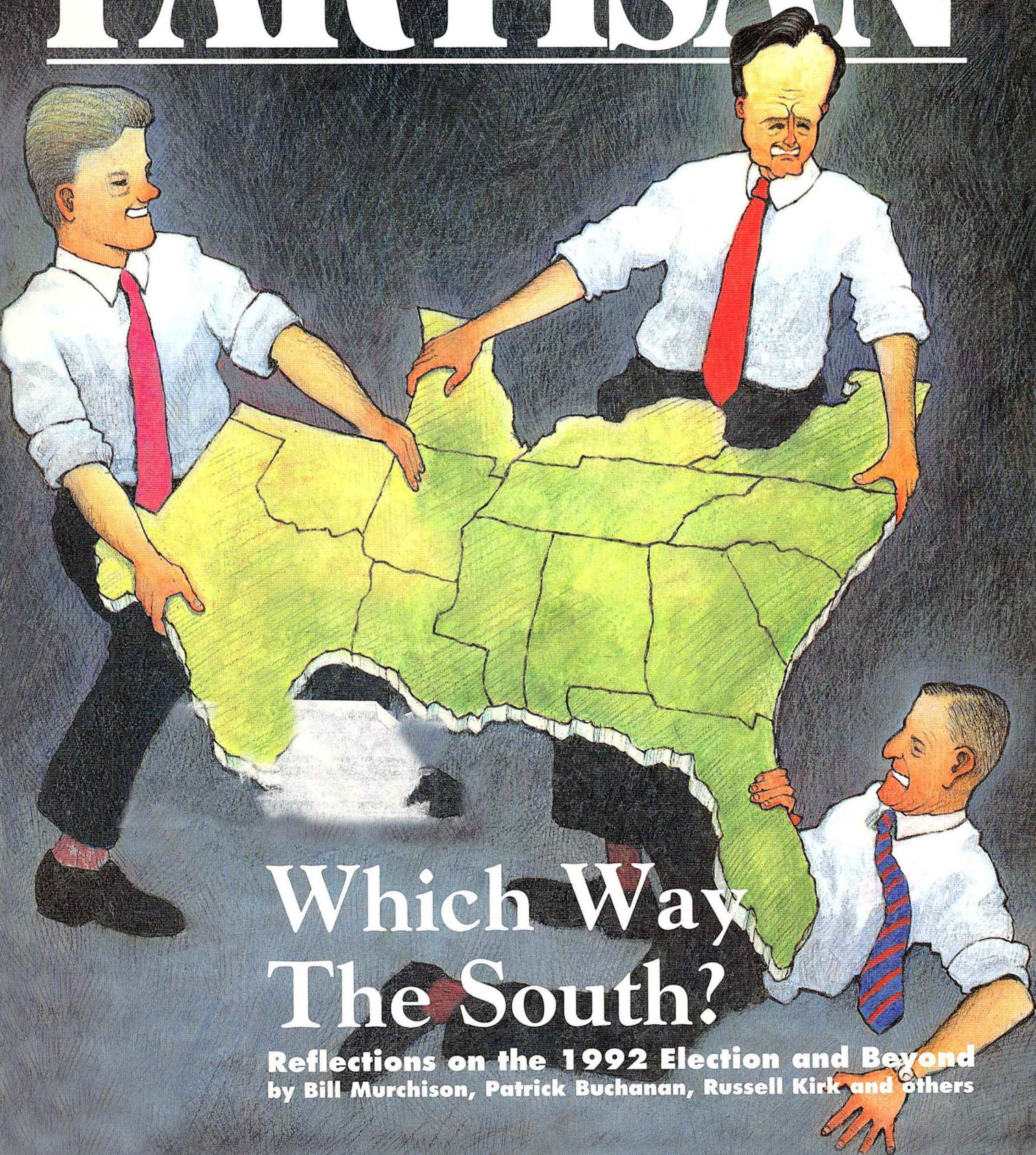


Southern

VOLUME XII SECOND QUARTER 1992 \$3.50

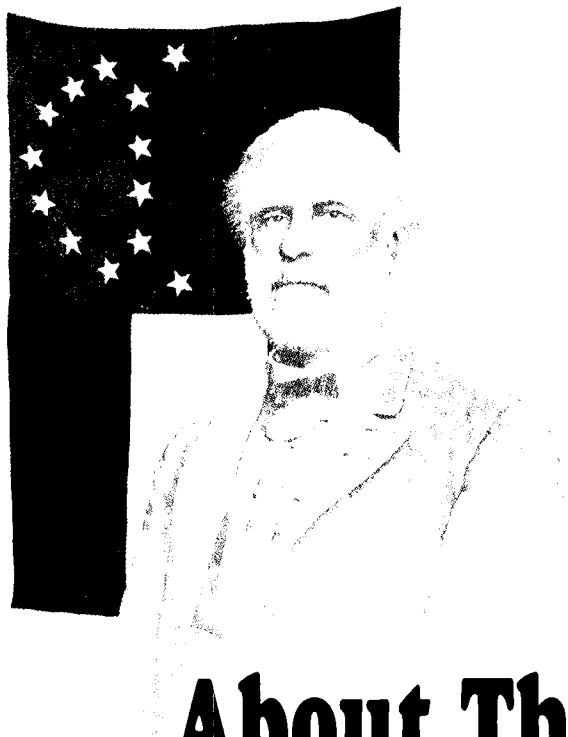
PARTISAN



Which Way The South?

Reflections on the 1992 Election and Beyond
by Bill Murchison, Patrick Buchanan, Russell Kirk and others

These Men Want You To Know...



About The Southern Partisan

“AT LAST!...The unreconstructed voice of the Old South.”

—Civil War Press Corps

“For those concerned about preserving Southern Culture.”

—Human Events

“Reversing the retreat...A hell-for-leather assault.”

—Chronicles of Culture



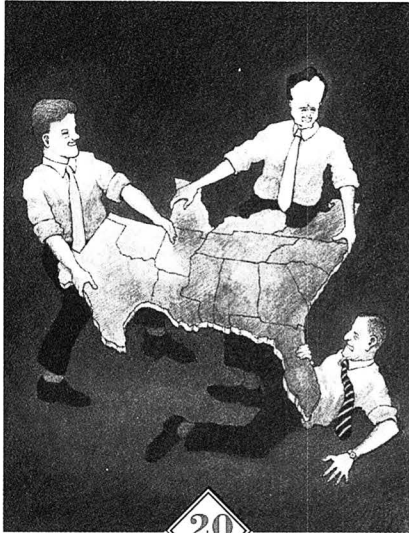
YES! I'd like to try **The Southern Partisan**, the quarterly magazine of Southern history, politics and culture. Please send me a trial subscription for one year at the special rate of \$12.00.

MY NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Make your check payable to: **Southern Partisan**
P.O. Box 11708 Columbia, SC 29211



Volume XII • Second Quarter 1992

CONTENTS

Cover

20 WHICH WAY THE SOUTH?

In our election issue, Bill Murchison ponders the candidates and their agendas from the Southern perspective. We also offer Campaign '92 reflection from a variety of editors and illustrious friends, and an essay on the campaign by Patrick Buchanan (see *Obiter Dicta*).

Features

28 PARTISAN CONVERSATION

Former Reagan aide and Intercollegiate Studies Institute president T. Kenneth Cribb, Jr. talks about his White House days, the Conservative Movement and his "Yankee" alma mater.

33 SHORT STORIES / TALL TALES

Ceremonies / Robert Drake remembers the important official occasions of his life in the South.

Criticus

CRITICUS ON TOUR

38 The Shenandoah Valley by Michael Quane

CRITICUS LIVING SOUTHERN

40 Talkin', Spellin', and One Room Schools by Jesse Culp

CRITICUS BOOKS

42 Good Fences Make Good Neighbors by Mark Royden Winchel Reviewed: Donald Davidson's *Attack on Leviathan*

44 The Swing Region by Joseph A. Scotchie Reviewed: Earl and Merle Black's *The Vital South*

47 A World With Heroes by Bryant Burroughs Reviewed: Marion Montgomery's *Men I Have Chosen For Fathers*

48 Tracking the Bird of Adventure by Tracy Lee Simmons Reviewed: Sheldon Vanauken's *Gateway to Heaven*

49 The Forgotten Conflict by Frank Lawrence Owsley, Jr. Reviewed: John Elting's *Amateurs to Arms*

Columns and Departments

- 2 Partisan Letters
- 5 Partisan View *Charles Hamel*
- 6 Trivium *Matthew Sandel*
- 7 From Behind Enemy Lines *Gordon Jackson*
- 8 Obiter Dicta
- 11 Scalawag Award
- 12 Partisan 'Toons
- 14 CSA Today
- 46 Southern Sampler *William Freehoff*
- 46 Anguished English *Richard Lederer*
- 50 Booknotes
- 53 The Smoke Never Clears *Rod Gragg*
- 55 Dividing Line *Samuel Francis*
- 56 Classified

Cover Illustration by John McVicker

Southern PARTISAN

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Richard Quinn
PUBLISHER: Charles Scott Hamel
ASSOC. EDITOR: Thomas H. Landess
ASST. EDITOR: Richard T. Hines
MANAGING EDITOR: Oran P. Smith
SENIOR EDITORS: M.E. Bradford
Boyd Cathey, Robert W. Whitaker
CIRC. MANAGER: Ruth L. Quinn
ART DIRECTOR: Brian Morris
ADVISORS AND CONTRIBUTORS:

Donald Baldwin, Devereaux Cannon, Jr.
Allison Dalton, Franklin DeBrot
Robert Drake, David Funderburk
Rod Gragg, Anthony Harrigan
Michael Jordan, Russell Kirk
Bill Koon, Edward Krickel
Warren Leamon, Andrew Lytle
Robert McHugh, Harry Poe
Vernon D. Schrader, Stephen Page Smith,
J.O. Tate, Sheldon Vanauken
Frederick Wilhelmsen, John Yow.

RATES: The annual subscription rate is \$14.00, with a single issue price of \$3.50. Subscribers in Canada and Mexico should add \$4.00 to the annual rate (\$2.00 to the single issue rate). **CORRESPONDENCE:** Please address all correspondence, including Letters to the Editor, to SOUTHERN PARTISAN, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211. Manuscripts: SOUTHERN PARTISAN welcomes unsolicited manuscripts. All manuscripts should be typed, double spaced. Return guaranteed only if stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. **ADVERTISING INQUIRIES:** Contact Oran Smith at P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211, (800) 264-2559. Copyright 1992 by THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN CORPORATION. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is prohibited. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily reflect the views of the editor or publisher. THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN QUARTERLY REVIEW was founded in 1979 by Tom Fleming of McClellanville, South Carolina, who published two issues. The magazine was later purchased by The Foundation for American Education and publication was resumed under the shorter title in the summer of 1981. In 1984, the magazine was published by THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN CORPORATION. SOUTHERN PARTISAN (ISSN 0739-1714) is published quarterly for \$14.00 per year by THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN CORPORATION, 1600 Gervais Street, Columbia, South Carolina 29201. Second Class postage paid at Columbia, South Carolina. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to SOUTHERN PARTISAN, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211.

PARTISAN letters

DIRTY DANCING

Gentlemen:

I read several articles in your recent issue (*Southern Partisan*, First Quarter, 1992) with great interest. Mr. Althouse's moving depiction of the Confederate Indians' ill-fated war against the Yankee aggressors deserves applause. Very few people know that General Stand Watie, a Cherokee Indian chief, was the last Confederate general to surrender. If we had won the War, the motion picture industry in Hollywood, Florida would have produced a different version of the film "Dances With Wolves." Instead of Kevin Costner playing an invented New Age Yankee officer, we might instead have had a movie in which General Douglas Hancock Cooper would have blazed across the technicolor screen. A little known fact about General Cooper is that after the War, he continued the struggle against Yankee aggression by joining the Chickasaw Nation as a warrior. Then he successfully waged a battle for many years in defense of the legal rights of the Choctaw and Chickasaw peoples against the pernicious cruelties of the Federal Government.

As to Professor Ludwell Johnson's stirring defense of the Southern flag, I can only say hurrah! I am right sorry that the students of William and Mary are now bereft of his wonderful and brilliant insights. A good friend of mine had him for a teacher and she remembered him as a professor who could take you right back to Sharpsburg and Chancellorsville just as they were happening. As an

exiled Virginian disguised as a Yale academic nutty in New Haven, I sometimes wear my Robert E. Lee button with pride—regardless of the hostile stares. One time, a Northern woman stopped me on campus and innocently asked me, "Is this Ulysses S. Grant you have on your jacket?" I politely replied, "No ma'am, it's the other general."

Alphonse Vinh
New Haven, Connecticut

PORTER'S CHOICE

Gentlemen:

I enjoy the book reviews by Bryant Burroughs, but in his review of a new biography of Union General John Pope, (*Southern Partisan*, First Quarter, 1992) I think he leaves a wrong impression about Pope's V Corps commander, Maj. Gen. Fitz John Porter.

Porter's refusal to attack Stonewall Jackson at Second Manassas was not based on Porter's pique at Pope. Porter refused to attack because Longstreet's corps was between Porter and Jackson. Had Porter attacked as ordered by Pope, Porter's corps might have been annihilated by Longstreet. Pope was not aware of this situation when he ordered the attack.

Porter saved the V Corps but sacrificed his own career. He was court-martialled and dismissed from the service, a disgrace for any West Pointer, especially during a war. Years later, the findings of the court-martial were reversed and Porter was re-instated as a colonel of infantry.

General Porter was a gallant and able officer, whose only mistake, if indeed it was one, was to sacrifice his own career for the lives of his men.

William F. "Southern Sampler"
Freehoff
Kingsport, Tennessee

FOOTE'S COMPLICITY

Gentlemen:

Is Shelby Foote the best Southerner you could get for your Partisan Conversation? (*Southern Partisan*, First Quarter, 1992)

When my wife and I saw the Public Broadcasting System's "The Civil War," she, a native of Michigan, said: "Any Southerner who had anything to do with this documentary ought to be ashamed of himself."

Hope you don't get politically correct. Your First Quarter, 1992 issue was not your finest hour.

Paul H. Stockdale
Chappell Hill, Texas

Gentlemen:

I must express amazement that you would include an interview with such an incompetent historian as Shelby Foote in your magazine. While lamenting the one-sidedness of Ken Burns' "The Civil War" series, he nevertheless states that "it's a fine work of course." The film not only contained propaganda, but many errors, to which Mr. Foote made ample contribution.

Other errors are very evident in the interview, for example, the honesty and greatness of Abraham Lincoln.

Samuel T. Rhodes
Alexandria, Virginia

ABE'S EVIL EMPIRE

Gentlemen:

An amusing cartoon recently pictured Mount Rushmore with Gorbachev's head carved among the mighty presidents, right beside Abraham Lincoln. Not only was it witty, but it conveyed a deeper truth: the whole world is indebted to that great Russian. But probably inadvertently, the cartoonist conveyed a deep irony.

The greatness of Gorbachev was that he said to the 11 Soviet states desiring independence "Go in Peace." The dubious greatness of Lincoln was, when the 11 Southern states seceded (as they had every legal right to do), that he invaded and brutally conquered them.

Perhaps Gorby should be on Mount Rushmore instead of Lincoln.

Sheldon Vanauken
Lynchburg, Virginia

STAFF DEFECTION

Gentlemen:

The Fourth Quarter 1991 *Southern Partisan* was by far the best issue of your magazine I have ever read.

"The Theology of Secession" by M. E. Bradford (by far the best article) was worth the price of the whole issue. Get that man to write more for you! "The Palm Beach Story" [Trivium] by Matthew Sandel, "Lee: The Thread of Memory in the South" by Paul Greenburg, "The Lincoln Revolution Continues" by Murray Rothbard and "The Creed of the Old South" by Basil Gildersleeve were great.

If this is an example of what you can achieve with many of the editors on leave, by all means use every tactic possible to keep them

occupied elsewhere. Congratulations!

Emmett L. Williams
Norcross, Georgia

Managing Editor's Note: Mr. Williams: Personally, I enjoyed your letter. However, lest the Editor and Associate Editor should suspect that I am sowing seeds of masthead revolution, perhaps we should keep these thoughts between you and me.

A DEFENDER RISES

Gentlemen:

I thought perhaps there would be some protest in the Fourth Quarter 1991 issue regarding Carter Fowlkes letter [calling the content of *Southern Partisan*] "a bit silly."

I find *Southern Partisan* very helpful in relating facts that have long been obscured. Some of them have been ignored by the so-called "documentaries."

Thanks again for your publication.

W. Hugh Bovey
Highland, Michigan

A WILDER SONG?

Gentlemen

As many persons are probably aware there is an attempt by Virginia's governor, L. Douglas Wilder, *et al.* to alter the words of Virginia's state song, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," to make it more politically correct. It doesn't seem to matter that it has been our state song for over one hundred years or that it was written by a black man, who obviously didn't object to the terms "darky"

and "massa." Some persons want to change the words completely, while others are satisfied to merely change "darky" to "old man" and eliminate "for old massa" and replace it with "in the sunshine."

Whether these changes will be made remains to be seen, but I foresee a trend where many old (mostly Southern) songs will be changed, replacing the original words with "politically correct" ones.

Help preserve another endangered species, America's historic songs.

Karl M. Funkhouser
Arlington, Virginia

A DAY FOR CSA

Gentlemen:

I am writing in regards to the article "Furl That Banner" (*Southern Partisan*, First Quarter, 1992). Perhaps it would be possible to organize a Southern Heritage Reclamation Day all across the South for people of good will who love their Confederate heritage to stand up and reclaim their symbols from bigots and bad men. To make their feelings clear, maybe they should also go as far as asking their states to ban the use of Confederate flags by recognized hate groups. The use of the flag sends out mixed and confusing messages especially to the young. If such a day of reclamation has been a long discussed idea put my vote down for it.

Keep up the good work on the magazine. The article on the Battle of Honey Springs and the Five Nations I enjoyed very much. *The Southern Partisan* is one of the most pleasurable reads around.

Warren G. Burrus
Arenzville, Illinois

ALL NOT OK

Gentlemen:

I thoroughly enjoy *Southern Partisan*. I have been a subscriber for several years now, and one thing that I especially appreciate is your inclusion of Oklahoma (the Indian Nations) as a Confederate state. Too many publications leave us completely out of any maps or text or simply show us being "unorganized territory." David Althouse's article on Honey Springs was a good look at Indian Territory's role in the War.

The article "Furl That Banner?" by Ludwell Johnson (*Southern Partisan*, First Quarter, 1992) was excellent, but I would like to point out that while the Oklahoma state legislature did defeat a bill to remove the Battle Flag from our Fourteen Flags Plaza at the state capitol, the flagpole that saw the Confederate Flag wave proudly along with all the other flags of countries that were part of our history has remained flagless since the controversy began.

Even though then-Governor Henry Bellmon signed an executive opinion that the flag should go back up, our gutless legislators and present Governor, David Walters, have preferred to pretend that the War Between the States never occurred, or that Oklahoma's people had no part in it.

We are still working to get our part of history acknowledged along with the other eras of the past that are, evidently, "politically correct," but it is not easy when your elected representatives ignore you.

Kent Thompson
Stonewall, Oklahoma

Gentlemen:

By demanding that the Confederate Battle Flag be removed

from the Georgia State Flag, Governor Zell Miller has insulted the millions of Southerners whose ancestors gave their lives for that flag. This sacred banner is not a symbol of racism or anything negative but is the emblem of our Southern heritage. This flag is special not only to whites but to all who hold honor and self-determination dear.

As a Native American-Indian, and direct descendent of Creek Chief Red Eagle, the Confederacy represents to me the only time in American history where our people's rights and sovereignty were respected. Most Indian nations fought for the Confederacy and three of my own ancestors were Confederate officers.

Jefferson Davis, as a young officer in the Seminole War faced court-martial rather than engage in a massacre of our people. Many Creek, Choctaw, Cherokee and Seminole troops gave their lives under the Confederate Battle Flag and we Indian sons of the Confederacy will never betray that banner.

I personally interpret Governor Miller's action as a direct insult to my people and my heritage. Miller stands in the tradition of Georgia Governor George M. Troup who in the early 1800s exterminated the Creek people in Georgia. Miller has shown himself to be a modern day scalawag and has earned the undying enmity of all native Indians and all good Southerners.

If Miller is successful, I hope Georgians will ignore his legislation and continue to fly the current Georgia flag and that the Confederate flag will be waved proudly at the Atlanta Olympic games.

Jon-Ferrell Griswold
Birmingham, Alabama

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

The McNeighbors by Charles Scott Hamel

There is abroad in the country today a frantic search to recapture an earlier way of life which has nearly been rendered extinct by the urban beehives and suburban bedroom communities which most Americans now call home. In a nation rapidly fissuring into a state of anomie, sudden attempts to put down roots and find a sense of belonging are mushrooming or, rather, toadstooling across the land. Like everything our consumer culture demands, the quest is on for instant community.

A recent article in *The Wall Street Journal* recounts the story of a group of "unfulfilled" suburbanites in Lafayette, Colorado (near Denver) who have decided to build a condominium where they will live in "harmony with nature" and "solve their problems through consensus." In addition to political beliefs, these born-again yuppies plan to share cars, laundry facilities, as well as baby sitting and lawn mowing chores. Meals will be taken in a common dining room with each member taking turns in preparing food. Of course, it goes without saying that such a group supports the trendy causes of the day like environmentalism, gay rights, world peace and almost certainly, they are aglow with enthusiasm over the prospect of Bill and Hillary presiding over affairs at The White House.

The concept, called "cohousing," purportedly comes from Denmark but there is ample American precedent for this way of living, traceable at least to Emerson's Brook Farm, maybe even earlier.

So, what we've got here, folks, is an old-fashioned commune run by aging members of the Woodstock generation, button-down hippies

who like to talk about community, but who just don't get it. We shouldn't be surprised to learn that this little adventure in togetherness hasn't gone down too well with the older inhabitants of Lafayette, who represent remnants of the town's real community. One neighbor, a Mr. Berger, sold his property when the cohousing group held an Indian (oops, Native American) ritual next door.

Perhaps Mr. Berger decided to sell off because he realized that whatever community might still exist in Lafayette was surely doomed by the arrival of these strange and uninvited McNeighbors who think they can create a community in the same way McDonalds erects its golden arches. Poor Mr. Berger. Confronted with a courtyard of houses occupied by a gaggle of juice-drinking weirdos, we can almost hear him whisper, "There goes the neighborhood."

To be sure, real community is difficult to define because it is a matter of spirit and intuition, a matter of the heart and the blood, not easily weighed or measured. Nevertheless, some of the characteristics of community which we can easily recognize are: a sense of responsibility for one's neighbor, a feeling of kinship and a reverence for the past which continues to exert its influence over the present. Certainly, these attributes are the minimal qualifiers of community but they do not constitute the whole picture.

The Southern Agrarians, as well as Aristotle and Burke, in general knew that a nation without a sense of community in its many and varied constituent parts is going to degenerate into an anomic condi-

tion where life becomes "poor, mean, nasty, solitary, brutish, and short" to quote Thomas Hobbes. And that's just what is happening in the United States today. The Los Angeles riots are a ghastly example of what happens when the sense of community vanishes, producing the chilling urban equivalent of a hellish no man's land.

We may charitably hope that these "cohousing" developments may over time become real communities, but we doubt this will happen because ideology has never served as a basis for community. Ideology always ends up making people mad at each other and creates an atmosphere where only thin-lipped fanatics can flourish.

Andrew Lytle, whose prophecies continue to vibrate with the unmistakable ring of truth, defined community best in his *Reflections of a Ghost*:

"The communities," he said, "were the shape of society, even after the First World War. I was there. I lived in them. Most of the towns in the South and cities, too, lived by the country....If the place has no mortgage, you live in a dwelling house without paying money for rent. If you plow a team, you grow your own fuel. You grow most of your own food. You do grow crops for money, but you are not completely in the money economy. You live at home with security. And you are a part of a living community, with other families in your situation, some better to do than others, as will always be the case..."

But let there be no misunderstanding. We still are the subjects of Christendom. Only we have reached its Satanic phase. I can't believe that any society is strong which holds physical comfort as its quest. There is only one comfort, and it is the only thing that has been promised: the gates of Hell will not finally prevail." ✱

Charles Scott Hamel is the publisher of Southern Partisan.

T·R·I·V·I·U·M

A 21st Century Affair by Matthew Sandel

Every now and then a tragedy flashes across the screen that is less a revelation of the present than a grim vision of the future. Such is the case of Eric Foretich, the Virginia oral surgeon and lover of Confederate history, whose life has apparently fallen into the public domain as the result of charges leveled against him by his wife, Dr. Elizabeth Morgan, who claims that Foretich sexually molested their daughter, Hilary.

Dr. Morgan is the woman of the future. Indeed, the 21st century may well be an age swarming with Elizabeth Morgans. For she is the Compleat Woman—physician, author of three books, for seven years a columnist for *Cosmopolitan*, best friend of Helen Gurley Brown, mother of a daughter without the complicating presence of a father, destroyer of one husband, separated by an ocean from another, perennial graduate student, hugger of the limelight, emblem of rage, priestess of political chic.

Her life with Eric Foretich may well prove to be the paradigm against which future women measure their own femininity, the norm to which all will one day aspire. Bed them, wed them, destroy them, and take the fruits to that union with you. Consider these facts in her bitter but triumphant conquest of Eric Foretich: She meets Foretich, beds him (or he her) and then, after, determining the health and sex of the fetus, decides to keep this one.

Shortly before the child is born, she moves out of Foretich's house and, following the birth of Hilary, sues for complete custody. After reviewing her career as a mother, the judge (a man) allows Foretich

"liberal visiting privileges," which means he has Hilary about 40 percent of the time. Elizabeth makes short work of that arrangement by refusing Foretich the mandated visitation rights. When he is adamant, she charges him with sexually abusing the child—and not only Eric, but his aging parents as well. Her authority, she says, is Hilary herself.

Police investigate these bizarre charges and find no merit in them. At this point, Hilary does not corroborate her mother's story, either in what she tells investigating officers or the way in which she draws pictures and plays with dolls. Police officers and social workers conclude the charges are unfounded. Eric Foretich hires the incoming President of the American Psychiatric Association to examine all parties; and when this doctor, a woman, reports no evidence of molestation, Morgan accuses *her* of touching the child's private parts.

Elizabeth hires four expert witnesses to support her testimony. One has gotten her degree from a non-accredited institution. Another is threatened with the loss of his license to practice in Maryland. Still another is called "a fraud" by his medical colleagues. Morgan's most prestigious witness, after examining Hilary for months, concludes that no molestation took place.

When Morgan finds that these charges will not give her full and complete custody of the child, she secretly arranges with her parents to spirit the child off to New Zealand. The D.C. Court rules her in contempt and jails her until she produces the child.

The National Organization of

Women and other activists take up her case, as do the media. She is depicted as a heroine, standing against the tyranny of a male judge. Eventually, her case will be heard by three courts, all three of which will decide that the charges of sexual molestation are unproven.

Chuck Colson, Watergate evangelist, takes up her cause. Sen. Orrin Hatch gets involved. Congress passes a special law to grant Elizabeth Morgan her freedom and appease the National Organization of Women, Sixty Minutes, and Connie Chung. Elizabeth Morgan is released from jail, obtains a passport, and flies to New Zealand to join her parents and Hilary.

Dr. Foretich spends over \$600,000 defending his name and seeking the whereabouts of his daughter. NOW and other activists support Elizabeth Morgan. Groups picket his office, warn dental colleagues not to give him referrals, and even contact his neighbors. His practice falls off from 30 patients a day to 5. He is forced to spend all his savings and wipe out his retirement. He cannot afford to hire a lawyer. He is pauperized.

So there it is—a vision of the future, where strong-willed women get their way, whatever the courts might rule. They elicit not only the predictable support of the feminist Left, but also that of the Christian Right and the Republican Party—Chuck Colson; Orrin Hatch; good old Dr. Dobson; even President Bush, who signed the special legislation that terminated the judge's contempt order and permitted Elizabeth Morgan to defy the courts, fly off like Medea after devastating her husband, and live happily ever after. ✱

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

Tom Landess is on leave from the Partisan while occupying a post with the government in Washington. Matthew Sandel will be standing in for our Associate Editor during his absence.

From Behind Enemy Lines

WASHINGTON REPORT

First, Kill All The Lawyers **by Gordon Jackson**

The decision of the Republican ticket to run against lawyers, evidenced by both President Bush's and Vice President Quayle's acceptance speeches, was indeed an inspired piece of political strategizing. No approach will be more useful in exposing the true nature of the leftist tidal wave that will storm over Washington when President Clinton is inaugurated.

The demonology is, of course, exquisitely up to date. Lawyers surely have now fallen below used car salesmen and other unsavory types in public esteem. (Best lawyer joke I've heard recently: What do you call 500 lawyers at the bottom of the ocean? Answer: A good start.) As everyone must know by now, there are just too many of the greedy little devils (I must confess my complicity in this for having failed as yet to extricate myself from the profession) and they spend their time hatching exotic new forms of litigation that often carry extremely high social costs so they can all stay in business.

What is not so widely known is that the legal profession is the cutting edge of far-left liberalism. The law schools in particular are really where the action is for effecting radical changes that unenlightened legislative bodies have not yet seen fit to enact. Class action suits, novel constitutional and statutory interpretations—these are the tools handed over to practicing attorneys by the law professors, whose impact in the real world must surely be the envy of their ivory-towered liberal arts colleagues. Robert Bork was probably pilloried by the left more for having the temerity to call attention periodically to this discrete little world of inbred radicalism than for his judicial philosophy.

Of the law students that are not secured by their professors for the hard left, most go out into the world safe votaries of the Democratic Party's agenda—relativist, enamored of procedure and leery of substance, cynical, and more than willing to redistribute the fruits of business to the governing class.

With this milieu the Clintons are as one. Having met at Yale Law School (despite Bork's tenure on the faculty there, traditionally the law school most preoccupied with "theory," policy), they both proceeded into archetype legal careers, she as corporate attorney for a large firm, he as law professor at the University of Arkansas before entering politics. Trial lawyers constitute the single largest interest group donating funds to Clinton's campaign by a substantial

margin. Don't even try to think about the number of lawyers who will become a part of a Clinton administration. They have been stewing for 12 years, eagerly awaiting the next Democratic president who will give them license to put their theories into practice.

The damage that the Clintons and their lawyer minions can inflict in four years should give pause to any conservatives who think a four-year respite from governing will gin up the fund-raising apparatuses that have become dormant during the Bush years. Bush may not do anything positive, but there is much havoc he can prevent.

Clinton plumps for change, but he is not permitted to seek change in one area where Americans most want and need it—education—because he has plighted his troth with the National Education Association. That rules out support for vouchers or anything else that might encourage educational diversity. The Clintons are genuinely engaged by the education issue, as Bush is not, but they are hamstrung by their supporters, and Bush is not.

As the campaign proceeds, Bush may find that his only hope is to turn to a subject he is loath to address at all—abortion—and try to paint a picture of stark moral clarity.

The conventional political wisdom on the issue I believe is wrong. While most poll respondents may vaguely identify themselves as pro-choice, the key is single-issue voters. Of these, the pro-choice voters tend to be hard left types who are not going to vote Republican under any circumstances. But the pro-life single-issue voters can swing either way. Many are blue-collar ethnic Catholics, a group that contributes many of the storied Reagan Democrats who, of course, Bush must bring back into the fold.

So a pro-life stance is a positive for Bush even if tendered, as heretofore, in a lukewarm fashion. But he might surprise himself by bringing the matter up front. Many voters who subscribe to the vaguely pro-choice consensus might find a presidential election the occasion for re-examining their views. They might begin to find the moral dimension of the anti-abortion position compelling.

But what will certainly happen is that if Bush succeeds in defining abortion as a moral issue, Clinton's trimming on the matter, again in compliance with the dictates of his party's left wing, will underscore as nothing else the Slick Willie persona. If his views on a profound moral issue are for sale at the political bazaar, then what is not?

Of course, to define the issue thusly Bush must genuinely believe his stated position. And that has always been a problem. ✻

Obiter Dicta

Editor's Note: It is unusual for us to yield this space to a guest editorial writer. However, as this issue of the Southern Partisan was making its way to the printer, we received the following article from Pat Buchanan. Because of its comprehensive treatment of the current American crisis, we decided to publish it, unabridged, as our lead editorial.

Yes, Mario, There is a Cultural War by Patrick J. Buchanan

"What do you mean by 'culture'? That's a word they used in Nazi Germany." —Mario Cuomo, Governor of New York, "Face the Nation," August 23, 1992.

Mario is not the only one to have recoiled in fear and loathing. Media who have bumbled all over Mario's locutions in class warfare found my Houston speech "divisive," "hateful," and that old standby, "racist." Carl Rowan told his co-panelists on "Inside Washington" it was the closest thing he had ever heard to a Nazi address. Bob Beckel thought my remarks might have been ghosted by Satan himself.

The savagery of the reaction—ongoing four weeks later—underscores my point: As polarized as we have ever been, we Americans are locked in a cultural war for the soul of our country.

What is it all about? As columnist Sam Francis writes, it is about power; it is about who determines "the norms by which we live, and by which we define and govern ourselves." Who decides what is right and wrong, moral and immoral, beautiful and ugly, healthy and sick? Whose beliefs shall form the basis of law?

At Houston, William Rusher writes, America heard "the first rumbles of a new storm...fast approaching the American political arena, (a storm) that will quickly replace the old battles over the conduct of the Cold War..." Indeed, the storm has already hit the coast.

The Bosnia of the cultural war is abortion.

The Republican Party, in platform and ticket is "pro-life." I.e., we hold an abortion to be the unjust killing of a pre-born child. Mr. Clinton's party rejoices in *Roe vs. Wade*. To one side, the 25 million abortions in 20 years are a testament to freedom and progress; to the other, they are the benchmarks of a society literally

hellbent on suicide. The conflicting positions can no more be reconciled than those of John Brown and John C. Calhoun.

Whose side is God on? In an angry letter to President Bush, the National Council of Churches wrote: "We need to be very clear that God belongs to no one side, for we believe we all belong to God." Mr. Bush's effort to conscript Him, they wrote, is "blasphemous."

But was it blasphemous to enlist him at Selma Bridge? Is the Creator truly neutral in the unequal struggle between his tiniest creatures and the abortionist with his knife and suction pump?

To those gathered at Madison Square Garden, a man's "sexual preference" and sexual conduct, so long as it is consensual, is irrelevant to moral character. To most of us in Houston, however, it is the codification of amorality to elevate gay liaisons to the same moral and legal plane as traditional marriage.

Americans are a tolerant people. But a majority believes that the sexual practices of gays, whether a result of nature or nurture, are both morally wrong and medically ruinous. Many consider this "reactionary" or "homophobic." But our beliefs are rooted in the Old and New Testament, in natural law and tradition, even in the writing of that paragon of the Enlightenment, Thomas Jefferson (who felt homosexuality should be punished as severely as rape).

Thirty years ago, both sides in today's cultural war shared the belief that homosexuals, be they 2 percent or 10 percent of the population, had the same constitutional rights as the rest of us, as well as a right to be let alone. We still do. Homosexuality was not an issue then. What makes it an issue now is the non-negotiable demand that this "life style" be sanctioned by law, that gays be granted equal rights to marry, adopt and serve as troop leaders in the Cub scouts.

Let me be blunt: We can't support this. To force it upon us is like forcing Christians to burn incense to the emperor.

But the cultural war is broader than two battle-grounds.

We see it in the altered calendar of holidays we are invited—nay, instructed—to celebrate. Washington's Birthday disappears into President's Day. States, like Arizona, that balk at declaring Martin Luther King's

birthday a holiday face political censure and convention boycotts. Easter is displaced by Earth Day, Christmas becomes winter break, Columbus Day is a day to reflect on the cultural imperialism and genocidal racism of the "dead white males" who raped this continent while exterminating its noblest inhabitants.

Secularism's Holy Days of Obligation were not demanded by us; they were imposed on us. And while Gov. Cuomo may plausibly plead ignorance of the cultural war, the Hard Left has always understood its criticality.

Give me the child for six years, Lenin reportedly said, quoting the Jesuits, and he will be a Marxist forever. J.V. Stalin, who was partial to Chicago gangster films, thought that only if he had control of Hollywood, he could control the world.

Too many conservatives, writes art critic James Cooper, "never read Mao Tse-tung on waging cultural war against the West. (Mao's) essays were prescribed reading for the Herbert Marcuse-generation of the 1960s, who now run our cultural institutions...Conservatives were oblivious to the fact that ...modern art—long separated from the idealism of Monet, Degas, Cezanne and Rodin—had become the purveyor of a destructive, degenerate, ugly, pornographic, Marxist, anti-American ideology." While we were off aiding the Contras, a Fifth Column inside our own country was capturing our culture.

In wartime and postwar movies, the USA was a land worth fighting for, even dying for. But the distance from "The Sands of Iwo Jima" to "Born on the Fourth of July" from "The Song of Bernadette" to "The Last Temptation of Christ," which paints Jesus as a lustful, lying wimp, is more than four decades. Hollywood has crossed a cultural and religious divide—and left us on the other side.

In Eddie Murphy's new film, "Boomerang," every successful black has one obsession: having good sex, and lots of it. I left thinking this film could have been produced by the KKK, so thoroughly did it conform to old Klan propaganda about blacks being little more than sexual animals. From "The Cosby Show" to "Boomerang" is straight downhill; it is to travel from what is decent to what is decadent.

A sense of shame presupposed a set of standards. In the Old America, Ingrid Bergman, carrying the child of her lover, fled the country in scandal. Today, she would probably be asked to pose naked—and nine months' pregnant—on the cover of *Vanity Fair*.

Today, the standards are gone. Does it make a difference? Only if you believe books and plays and films and art make a difference in men's lives. Only if you believe Ideas have Consequences.

In "The End of Christendom," the late Malcolm

Muggeridge writes that Dostoevsky, "in his astoundingly prophetic novel, *The Devils*,...makes his character Peter Vekovinsky...say, 'A generation or two of debauchery followed by a little sweet blood-letting and the turmoil will begin.' So indeed it has."

"Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world," wrote the poet Shelley. Does it make a difference that school kids in L.A., who never heard of Robert Frost, can recite the lyrics of Ice-T and 2 Live Crew? Ask the people of Koreatown.

Where did that L.A. mob come from?

It came out of public schools from which the Bible and Ten Commandments were long ago expelled. It came out of drugstores where pornography is everywhere on the magazine rack. It came out of movie theaters and away from TV sets where sex and violence are romanticized. It came out of rock concerts where rap music extols raw lust and cop-killing. It came out of churches that long ago gave themselves up to social action, and it came out of families that never existed.

When the Rodney King verdict came down, and the rage boiled within, these young men had no answer within themselves to the questions: Why not? Why not loot and burn? Why not settle accounts with the Koreans? Why not lynch somebody—and get even for Rodney King?

The secularists who have captured our culture have substituted a New Age Gospel, with its governing axioms: There are no absolute values in the universe; there are no fixed and objective standards of right and wrong. There is no God. It all begins and ends here. Every man lives by his own moral code. Do your own thing. Well, the mob took them at their word, and did its own thing.

"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to prosperity," Washington said, "religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man seek the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness."

It is the Adversary Culture that has subverted these pillars.

Look at the works of "art" that ignited the controversy at the National Endowment. Almost all were desecrations of Christian images. Andreas Serrano submerged a crucifix in a vat of his own urine. Robert Mapplethorpe took a statue of the Virgin Mother and twisted it into a bloody tie rack.

Writing in an art catalog funded by NEA, an AIDS activist called Cardinal John O'Connor a "fat cannibal from that house of walking swastikas up on Fifth Avenue." That "house of walking swastikas" was St. Patrick's Cathedral, subsequently desecrated by

Continued on Page 11

Full of Spike

Let us bring you up-to-date on Spike Lee's new film "Malcolm X" scheduled to open at a theatre near you on or about November 20:

Warner Brothers gave Spike a \$28 million budget, which he quickly exceeded by about \$7 million. When Warner Brothers balked at the excess, he publicly accused his producers of racism. The magic R-word worked, as it usually does for Spike, and the studio sent over a few more wheelbarrows full of money to keep him quiet.

Next, we find that the opening sequence of the film shows an American Flag burning and reforming itself into the shape of an X, while superimposed over the videotape of Rodney King being beaten senseless by LA police officers (although a persuasive case can be made that Mr. King was equally senseless before the beating).

When asked, politely, if he would shorten the film (which runs about three hours) and consider editing out the inflammatory opening, Spike said no, "this ain't Walt Disney." Just asking, the studio replied timidly, and withdrew the request, fearing another tongue lashing with the R-word.

Next, Spike called on all the black teenagers of America to cut a day of school to come see his movie, as paying customers, of course (it is not recorded that he offered free admission). And then, when the amateur videographer who shot the King videotape asked for more than token payment for the use of his tape, again Spike said "No" and, at this writing, is now in court, trying to prevent the camera man who, Lee says, recorded the most important piece of videotape in history, from sharing in any of the movie's profits.

Spike Lee's behavior has been put in just the right perspective by comments delivered recently at Hillsdale College by Shelby Steele, author of *The Content of Our Character*. Speaking at Hillsdale's Center for Constructive Alternatives, Mr. Steele spoke bluntly about race relations: "If whites were not so preoccupied with escaping their own guilt, they would see that the real problem is not racism; it is that black students are failing in tragic numbers. They don't need separate dorms and yearbooks. They need basic academic skills. But instead they are taught that extra entitlements are their due and that the greatest power of all is the power that comes to them as victims."

Before Spike and other professional victims get ready to hurl the R-word at Mr. Steele, it should be pointed out that he is a black man. Unfortunately, Mr. Steele represents a view that is not given a forum in the major American media. Spike Lee's utterances, on the other hand, are widely reported. And by the way,

Spike has now released a pricey new line of urban-radical clothes. Maybe the best R-word for Spike really is "revenue."

Mr. Steele's insight is on target. With Spike Lee as role model, his followers have a heavy price to pay: permanent bondage to an attitude that will continue to prevent true freedom.

The Blowing Bush

Richard Weaver, 29 years ago, said that "the South is the last non-materialist civilization on Earth." It maybe that Bush/Quayle campaign strategists have read a little Weaver.

According to the Associated Press, when President Bush is in the South, he talks about God and family values. But when he's in the North, his campaign themes "shift markedly to economic issues." The AP obviously intended this revolution to be a slap at Bush for manipulating his audiences (as if Bill Clinton never does!).

But when you think about it, the need to shift themes also tells us a lot about the North and the South. Isn't it nice to be a part of a region whose people still respond more to values than they do to their pocketbooks?

Whatzit

Atlanta boosters, many of them anyway, continue to pump up the volume of their celebration over landing the Olympics in Atlanta. Visions of megabucks dance through their heads.

So enthusiastic are they that organizers have promised never ever to focus any attention at all on Georgia's "controversial" past. No hoopskirts. No Scarlett or Rhett. And above all, no Confederate Flags.

Indeed, as we have previously reported, a serious effort is now underway to scrap the Georgia State Flag because it contains the Confederate Battle Flag in its design. One suspects that these eager promoters would be willing to run from cemetery to cemetery, spitting on the graves of their ancestors, if the price was right.

And the symbol they have given us for the City of Atlanta, host to the Olympic games, is a little computer-generated politically correct creature called WHATZIT. WHATZIT? Well, we know what it is. It's called greed, and it is consuming a human property that Sherman's fires could never touch. When he burned Atlanta, her soul survived. ✽

militants who spat consecrated hosts on the floor at Sunday Mass.

Yes, Mario, there is a connection.

The cultural war is already raging in our public schools.

In history texts Benedict Arnold's treason at West Point has been dropped. So has the story of Nathan Hale, the boy-patriot who spied on the British and went to the gallows with the defiant cry, "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country." Elsewhere, they teach that our Constitution was plagiarized from the Iroquois, that Western science was stolen from sub-Saharan Africa.

The name Custer has been stricken from the battlefield where his unit fell. Demands are heard throughout the South that replicas of the Battle Flag of the Confederacy be removed from state flags and public buildings. The old iron Confederate soldier who stood for decades in the town square must be removed; after all, he fought for an ignoble cause.

Slavery vs. freedom, that's all it was about, they tell us. But, go up to Gettysburg, and park your car behind the Union center. Look across that mile-long field, and

visualize 15,000 men and boys forming up at the tree line. See them walking across into the fire of cannon and gun, knowing they would never get back, never see home again. Nine of ten never even owned a slave. They were fighting for the things for which men have always fought: family, faith, friends and country. For the ashes of their fathers and the temples of their gods.

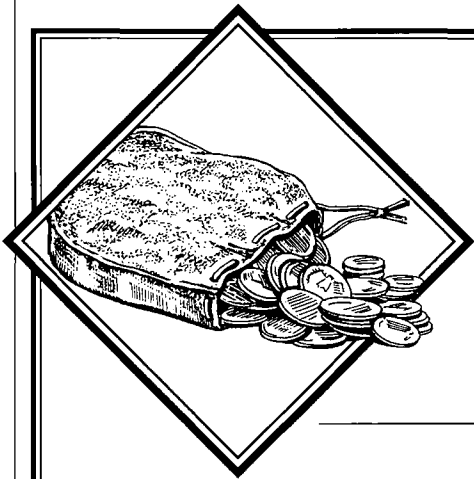
If a country forgets where it came from, how will its people know who they are? Will America one day become like that poor old man with Alzheimer's abandoned in the stadium, who did not know where he came from, or to what family he belonged. The battle over our schools is part of the war to separate parents from children, one generation from another, and all Americans from their heritage.

Our "common difficulties...concern, thank God, only material things," FDR said at the nadir of the Depression. Our national quarrel goes much deeper. It is about "who we are" and "what we believe." Are we any longer "one nation, under God;" or has one-half of that nation already begun to secede from the other?

That, Mario, is what the cultural war is all about. ✖

(c) 1992 PJB Enterprises, Inc.

Distributed by Tribune Media Services, Inc.



Scalawag Award



This issue, we have an unusual abundance of choices for our Scalawag Award. Alas, they are never in short supply. But we will not go with any of the obvious choices.

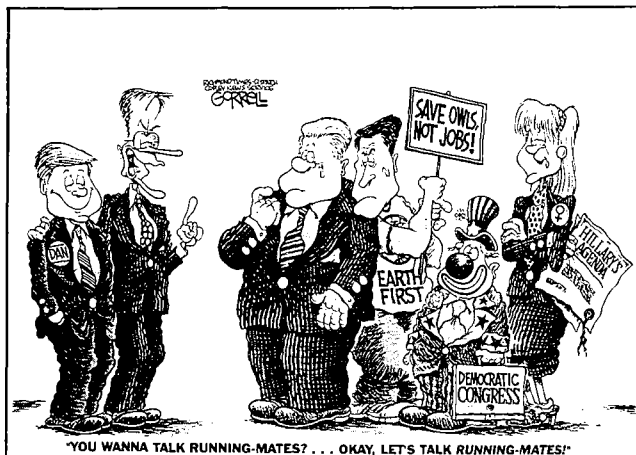
Instead, we select a Southern governor who is not running for President. Here are his words: "What we fly today (the Georgia State Flag) is not an enduring symbol of our heritage, but [it is a] vestige of days...that we have no right to be proud of....That is why I will have introduced and strongly support a bill changing the Georgia flag back to the pre-1956 flag in the next session of the General Assembly."

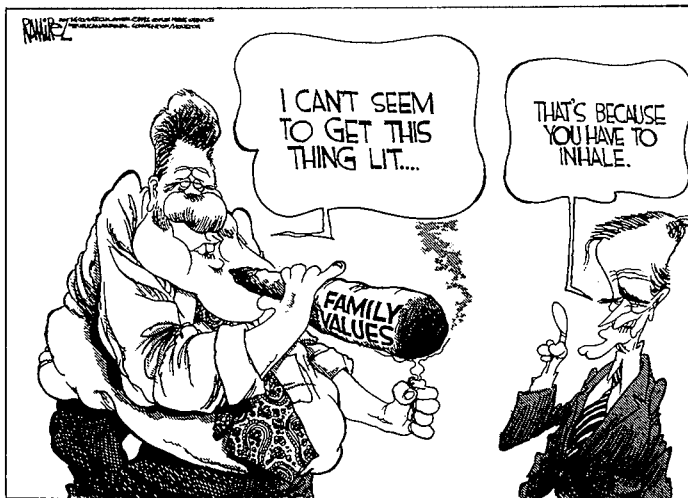
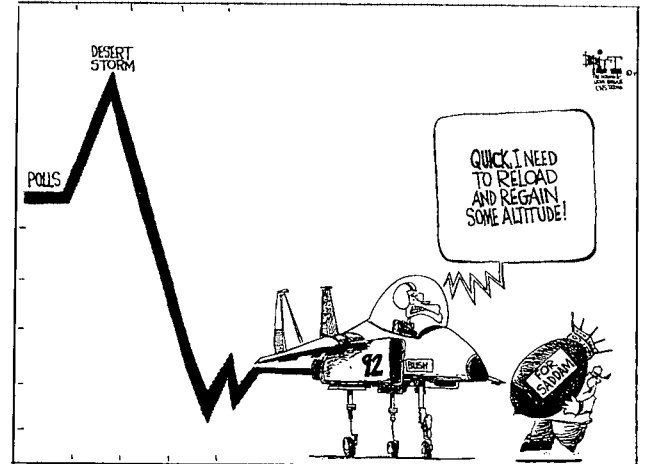
If the image of the Confederate Battleflag is not

"an enduring symbol of our heritage" as Southerners, then what is? The Battle Flag stands for the most defining experience in Southern history. It is the banner under which over 400,000 of our region's fathers lost their lives. And the Governor of Georgia is telling us "we have no right to be proud of them."

In addition to our Scalawag, we also offer Governor Zell Miller a free suggestion. If he is successful in removing the image of the Battle Flag from the State over which he presides, then just go ahead and make the banner solid white. No flag could be more appropriate as a symbol of his administration. ✖

PARTISAN 'toons







C.S.A. *today*

Alabama

Bobby Smith's tomcat Bertie disappeared four years ago from the Smith house in Birmingham, and the family figured he'd been run over down on the Interstate. However, a few weeks ago, when Bobby was outside Detroit hauling some heavy equipment, he stopped at an all-night diner; and when he came back to his rig, Bertie was sitting up in the cab, licking his paw. It was Bertie, too, because his right ear hung down in the same old way and he still had on his belled collar.

"I figure he tore out after some female and couldn't find his way back home," said Bobby. "But why he wanted to go on to Detroit I'll never know. It's godawful up there."

SEPTEMBER

Forrest's North Alabama Campaign
September 18-20
Athens, Alabama
(205) 536-2882

Lawrence County Cotton Festival
September 26
Town Creek, Alabama
(205) 974-2464

OCTOBER

Festival in the Park
October 3
Montgomery, Alabama
(205) 241-2300
Oktoberfest

October 8-10
Birmingham, Alabama
(205) 923-6564

National Shrimp Festival
October 8-11
Gulf Shores, Alabama
(205) 968-7511

NOVEMBER

Chrysanthemum Extravaganza
November 4-30
Theodore, Alabama
(205) 973-2217

22nd Bluegrass Superjam
November 6-8
Cullman, Alabama
(205) 747-1650

Under the Christmas Tree
November 13-15
Huntsville, Alabama
(205) 882-9782

Arkansas

You may think that you know what trash is, but until you've seen Brooklyn trash, you don't know the meaning of the word.

The folks in Stuttgart saw and smelled five carloads of it for what seemed a lifetime, while lawyers in Little Rock argued over whether it should be shipped back to New York City where it came from. It seems that the Southeast Arkansas Landfill, Inc. had agreed to bring the trash down South by rail car

and dump it in Dewitt, about 30 miles from Stuttgart.

Not to be outdone, the people of Arkansas shipped their Governor up to New York City and dumped him in Madison Square Garden. The two incidents are now being referred to as The Great Trash Exchange.

SEPTEMBER

Reenactment, September 12-13
Washington, Arkansas
(501) 983-2684

5th Annual Deer Dog Festival
September 19
Village, Arkansas
(501) 596-2222

Living History Weekend
September 19-20
Greenbrier, Arkansas
(501) 679-2098

OCTOBER

Wild Turkey Calling Contest
October 9-10
Yellville, Arkansas
(501) 449-4676

Civil War in the Ozarks
October 10-11
Mountain View, Arkansas
(501) 269-3851

Fascinating Fungi
October 17
Roland, Arkansas
(501) 868-5806

Florida

You may have seen the chase on national television — a plane piloted by an alleged dope smuggler unloading about twenty 100-pound bales of cocaine into balmy Florida air. What you didn't see was where they landed — one landed in the parking lot of South Dade Baptist Church.

"Church had just let out," said Sunday school teacher Connie Bush. "The plane came lower and lower and then this package came out and landed in the parking lot, and rolled for a while. It was the maintenance man who figured out what it was," she added.

Of course they turned the package over to the authorities. But how could they be sure this wasn't a gift from Heaven? With a street value of around \$1 million the bale might have put a new roof on the church and paved the parking lot with gold. In fact, there's a passage in Exodus....

SEPTEMBER

Shakespeare by the Sea Festival
September 9-12
Jupiter, Florida
(407) 627-4127

OCTOBER

Fall Bluegrass Festival
October 8-11
Live Oak, Florida
(904) 364-1683

Taste of the Beach
October 17-18
Miami Beach, Florida
(305) 672-1270

Texaco Star Classic
October 10
Orlando, Florida
(407) 423-2476

NOVEMBER

Sail Fish Tournament
November 6-7
Key West, Florida
(305) 296-7586

Alchua County Fair
November 6-15
Gainesville, Florida
(904) 372-1537

Boat Show
November 19-22
St. Petersburg, Florida
(813) 892-5798

Georgia

An 18-year-old Jasper County High School student was tired of having his lunch stolen, so he took the matter into his own hands. He poisoned two peanut butter-and-jelly sandwiches, went through the usual daily routine, and sure enough the sandwiches were stolen. Instead of eating them, however, the thief sold them for a quarter a piece to two other students, who got very, very sick.

"They had some seizures and, I think, diarrhea and vomiting within about 30 minutes after they ingested the food," reported Monticello police investigator Fred Bryant. "They were both in separate rooms, and they both got sick at the same time with the same symptoms."

Bryant admitted that the poisoner had been sorely tried. "From what I understand," he said, the boy had gone to several people at school trying to get something done about it."

However, the policeman was not entirely sympathetic. "I think that if it'd been me I'd have put a little bit of salt or sugar or Ex-Lax or something like that on it, but not fire ant poison. I think he just made a poor choice on what to put on a sandwich." Thanks to C.H. Collier, III, who sent us the clipping from the *Athens Banner Herald*.

SEPTEMBER

Macon Southern Jubilee
September 12-26
Macon, Georgia
(912) 742-8155

Dixie Crystal Jazz Festival
September 24-October 2
Savannah, Georgia
(912) 236-2075

OCTOBER

Oktoberfest
October 1-24
Helen, Georgia
(706) 878-3677

Cherry Jubilee Street Party
October 3
Macon, Georgia
(912) 741-8005

29th Annual Peanut Fest
October 3-11
Plains, Georgia
(912) 776-6657

NOVEMBER

Valdosta Wintersville Classic Week
November 1-8
Valdosta, Georgia
(912) 247-8100

Jekyll Island Craft Show
November 21-22
Jekyll Island, Georgia
(407) 860-4902

Our Christmas Best
A Festival of Trees
November 19-29
Macon, Georgia
(712) 477-3232

Kentucky

In Bowling Green, James I. Jagers was arrested for driving his wheel chair while drunk. It seems he had downed a couple of beers at a bar and was spotted driving down the street in a manner that excited the suspicion of local police. They arrested him and charged him with DWI.

However, authorities have agreed to drop charges if he will participate in a rehabilitation program and not drink and drive his wheel chair for a year.

SEPTEMBER

Mountain Music Weekend
September 9-13
Carter Caves State Park
Olive Hill, Kentucky
(800) 325-0059

Old Fashioned Days
September 11-13
Lebanon Junction, Kentucky
(800) 526-2068

OCTOBER

Military Gun Show and Shoot
October 9-11
Knob Creek, Kentucky
(800) 526-2068

Perryville Battle Reenactment
October 9-11
Perryville Battlefield Historic Site
Perryville, Kentucky
(606) 332-8631

Civil War Days
October 17-18
Columbus-Belmont State Park
Columbus, Kentucky
(502) 677-2327

NOVEMBER

Fall Fishing Unlimited
November 6-8
Lake Cumberland State Park
Jamestown, Kentucky
(800) 325-1709

Trip Back in Time
November 13-14
Kenlake State Park
Hardin, Kentucky
(502) 474-2211

Tribute to Lily May Ledford
November 20-21
Natural Bridge State Park
Slade, Kentucky
(800) 325-1710

Louisiana

Cajun fiddler Dewey Balfa, who is hospitalized with cancer, was honored with a benefit performance in Eunice recently, and the event was a sellout, with more than 500 fans in attendance. Balfa, one of the greatest fiddlers of his time, brought a special sound to the instrument that everyone in the business could immediately recognize. He is also something of a philosopher. Speaking of the musical heritage that he loved, he said: "A culture is preserved one generation at a time—if you don't have your culture, all you are is a plastic card with a number on it."

SEPTEMBER

Cajun Heritage Festival
September 12-13
Raceland, Louisiana
(504) 537-5444

Alligator Festival
September 25-27
Luling, Louisiana
(504) 785-2571

OCTOBER

Louisiana Swamp Festival
October 3-4, 10-11
New Orleans, Louisiana
(504) 861-2537

Jimmy Davis Homecoming
October 4
Jonesboro, Louisiana
(318) 259-2414

Jeff Davis Parish Fair
October 28-November 1
Jennings, Louisiana
(318) 824-4498

NOVEMBER

Fort Pike Reenactment
November 9-10
New Orleans, Louisiana
(504) 662-5703

Delta Cotton Day
November 14
Tallulah, Louisiana
(318) 574-2465

Christmas in the Pines
November 26-December 31
Ruston, Louisiana
(318) 251-8622

Maryland

Emily Day of Annapolis had someone else prepare her taxes last year, and she is probably sorry. Her tax man sent in her payment late and forgot to file for an extension. The IRS fined Emily an amount that exceeded what she had originally owed. She complained her tax man, who finally talked to the IRS into a more reasonable settlement.

Emily is six years old. Her father figured her income tax for her. She owed \$21. She was fined \$21.50 plus interest. After reviewing the circumstances, the IRS finally settled for a buck and a half.

SEPTEMBER

John Wilkes Booth
Escape Route Tour
September 12
Clinton, Maryland
(301) 868-1121

Civil War Weekend
September 26-27

Essex, Maryland
(410) 687-3945

OCTOBER

Historic House Tour
October 3
Lutherville, Maryland
(410) 252-7539

Best Doggone Flea Market
October 4
Annapolis, Maryland
(410) 268-2659

Insomniac Tour
October 31
Baltimore, Maryland
(410) 653-2998

NOVEMBER

Farm Harvest Days
November 7-8
Cockeysville, Maryland
(410) 527-0700

Waterfowl Festival
November 13-15
Easton, Maryland
(410) 822-4567

Big Band Dance
November 21
Ocean City, Maryland
(410) 289-8314

Mississippi

The Rev. Donald Wildmon, who heads the American Family Association, suffered a heart attack while attending a clergy conference in Jackson. Fortunately, he went to the hospital when he felt the first sign of pain; and the attack occurred while he was under a doctor's care. As a consequence, he has recovered rapidly and is already back at work.

He returns to a full agenda. In particular, the AFA is calling for a boycott of Levi Strauss, a company that has been supporting the gay rights movement for years. Recently the jeans manufacturer joined Wells Fargo and the Bank of America in withdrawing financial support from the Boy Scouts of America because the organization will not accept homosexual scoutmasters. Wildmon and his people are calling on all who believe in traditional moral values to quit buying Levis.

The object of the boycott: to make certain that by this time next year, the only jeans Levi Strauss sells will be pink and lavender.

SEPTEMBER

Delta Blues Festival
September 19
Greenville, Mississippi
(601) 335-3523

Possum Town Pigfest
September 25-26
Columbus, Mississippi
(800) 327-2686

OCTOBER

Flea Market
October 8
Canton, Mississippi
(601) 859-8055

Great Mississippi River Balloon Race
October 16-18
Natchez, Mississippi
(601) 445-6345

Fall Muster
October 17-18
Biloxi, Mississippi
(601) 388-1313

NOVEMBER

Mistletoe Market Place
November 5-7
Jackson, Mississippi
(601) 353-2080

Antique Forum
November 11-13
Natchez, Mississippi
(601) 445-4420

Peter Anderson Art Festival
November 7-8
Ocean Springs, Mississippi
(601) 875-4424

Missouri

In St. Louis, Miz Winnie Brown finally died at the age of 88. In 1939, when she and her husband lost all of their money as the result of bank failure, she went to bed and stayed there almost 53 years.

"She spent most of her time baking pies, cakes, and other goodies," said her daughter Thelma. "She would mix the ingredients, and then the maid would put them

in the oven for her. Sometimes she would send them around to folks in the neighborhood and sometimes she would eat them herself — every bite."

When she died, Miz Winnie weighed almost 500 pounds.

SEPTEMBER

Huckster Day Fall Festival
September 12
Butler, Missouri
(816) 679-3380

Battle of Pilot Knob Reenactment
September 26-27
Pilot Knob, Missouri
(314) 697-5395

Reenactment
September 26-27
St. Charles, Missouri
(314) 946-7776

OCTOBER

Festival of Leaves/ Porkfest
October 3
Boonville, Missouri
(816) 882-2721

Horseshoeing Contest
October 10
Branson, Missouri
(417) 334-4947

Turkey Festival
October 10
Eldon, Missouri
(314) 392-3752

Festival of Gospel Music
October 15-17
Stanton, Missouri
(314) 771-4432

Civil War Weekend
October 24-25
Jackson, Missouri
(314) 243-1688

North Carolina

While Episcopalians and Presbyterians were ordaining lesbians, the Southern Baptists summarily expelled two North Carolina congregations for non-scriptural stands on homosexuality. "The scripture clearly and unequivocally declares that homosexuality is a sin against God," said the SBC. The two local churches — Pullen Memorial Baptist Church in

Raleigh and Brinkley Memorial in Chapel Hill — are not expected to mend their ways.

One North Carolina Baptist told us: "They're both churches in college towns, where that sort of thing goes on. There was some college professor at Chapel Hill running around saying Moses was a homophobe. You don't call Moses ugly names and stay in the Southern Baptist Convention."

SEPTEMBER

North Carolina Apple Festival
September 4-7
Hendersonville, North Carolina

The Golden Gathering
September 8-20
Maggie Valley, North Carolina
(704) 926-2945

Southern Women's Show
September 17-20
Charlotte, North Carolina
(704) 376-6594

OCTOBER

North Carolina Seafood Festival
October 2-4
Morehead City, North Carolina
(919) 726-6273

Zoo Fest
October 3-31
Asheboro, North Carolina
(919) 979-7200

5th Annual Outer Banks Stunt Kite Competition
October 17-18
Nags Head, North Carolina
(919) 441-4124

NOVEMBER

Fall Horse Carriage Ride
November 14
Pinehurst, North Carolina
(919) 295-2599

11th Annual Seagrove Pottery Festival
November 22
Seagrove, North Carolina
(919) 873-7887

Candlelight Christmas at Biltmore
November 27
Asheville, North Carolina
(704) 255-1700

Oklahoma

Robin Thomas says she doesn't know why they did it, but that it might have been because she told Wylan J. Terrell she was pregnant with his child. Wylan says he never had anything to do with her. But something she did must have made him mad, because he and his friend Terrance S. Bradley drove her to an isolated spot and proceeded to beat her with a baseball bat.

Then they set her on fire.

After they'd left, she managed to put out the flames and seek help at a house nearby. The teenagers pleaded no contest, and the Assistant District Attorney asked for 25 years in prison for each.

The sentence: 90 days in jail, 1,000 hours of community service, and \$2,500 by way of compensation to Robin Thomas. The judge's reason for such a light sentence: "These boys were the children of good families."

Yeah, so were Ivan the Terrible and the Marquis de Sade.

SEPTEMBER

Calf Fry Festival
September 12
Vinita, Oklahoma
(918) 256-7133

State Fair of Oklahoma
September 18-October 4
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
(405) 948-6700

OCTOBER

Battle of Cabin Creek
October 16-18
Vinita/Langley, Oklahoma
(918) 782-3449

Festival of the Horse
October 16-25
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
(405) 842-4141

Sorghum Day Festival
October 24
Wewoka, Oklahoma
(405) 257-5485

NOVEMBER

Cheese Festival
November 6-8
Stillwater, Oklahoma
(405) 744-6060

Pre-1840s Rendezvous
November 16-17
Fort Towson, Oklahoma
(405) 521-2491

Territorial Christmas Celebration
November 27-December 20
Guthrie, Oklahoma
(405) 282-1947

South Carolina

Bavarian Motor Works (BMW) is coming and everyone is excited...well, almost everyone. When the German auto manufacturer announced this summer that it would build its first ever plant outside of Germany and that it would be located in upstate South Carolina, Governor Carroll Campbell, who has made attracting industry the number one goal of his administration, suddenly became the Palmetto State Hero.

Some folks have questions though. Like...How much did it cost to attract BMW? Will an auto plant bring enough union men, foreigners and Yankees to the sleepy little town of Greer to change the community forever? And what about the contract for all the engineering? Isn't it interesting that a German-owned firm got the contract without competitive bid? And the location—in the Governor's old congressional district.

Some say these criticisms are political sour grapes only. This may be true, for if Americans are willing to buy German driving machines even though they are built right here in the CSA, BMW will be rich and Campbell will be a hero. But if for some reason the whole BMW built-in-USA flops, or if the plant is smaller than the Germans promise, Campbell will be remembered forever for the BMW Debacle. The bottom line is that Campbell was the early bird in this one, outfoxing Nebraska to win the bid. He was also the risk-taker, whose package was not out of line with what every other governor has put together to win big industry.

What does BMW in SC mean for SC? Only time will tell. But the chamber of commerce has found a

good omen: the first BMW was called a "DIXI."

SEPTEMBER

Collard Festival
September 11-12
Gaston, South Carolina
(803) 796-7725

Catfish Festival
September 19-20
Hardeeville, South Carolina
(803) 784-6323

OCTOBER

Okra Strut
October 2-3
Irmo, South Carolina
(803) 781-7050

Sweet Potato Festival
October 10-11
Darlington, South Carolina
(803) 393-9701

Confederate Ghost Walk
Magnolia Cemetery
October 24
Charleston, South Carolina
(803) 795-3049

NOVEMBER

Rev. War Field Days
November 14-15
Camden, South Carolina
(803) 432-9841

Chitlin' Strut
November 28
Salley, South Carolina
(803) 258-3485

Holiday Parade
November 29
Mt. Pleasant, South Carolina
(803) 884-2528

Tennessee

The late Donald Davidson — Tennessean, Fugitive-Agrarian, and unreconstructed Southerner — will be the subject of a biography by Mel Bradford, the first written on Davidson. Bradford, Davidson's most distinguished intellectual disciple, will explore for the first time in print the Tennessean's fierce political activism and his struggle against the politically correct mandarins of academia. The book will also examine Davidson's poetry, which from youth to old age cele-

brates the virtues and the struggles of the South.

The volume should be out next year, if Bradford can be restrained from granting interviews to every scalawag or carpetbagger that bangs on his screen door.

SEPTEMBER

Ramsey House 40th Birthday
September 12
Knoxville, Tennessee
(615) 546-0745

Riverfest
September 18-19
Knoxville, Tennessee
(615) 523-7543

OCTOBER

Don Carson's Downtown Carfest
October 3
Knoxville, Tennessee
(615) 523-4644

Tennessee Homecoming
October 8-11
Norris, Tennessee
(615) 494-7680

Corvette Expo
October 23-25
Knoxville, Tennessee
(615) 494-7680

NOVEMBER

E. Tennessee Auto Show
November 5-8
Knoxville, Tennessee

Knoxville Opera
November 20, 22
Knoxville, Tennessee
(615) 424-0795

Festival of Trees
November 25-29
Knoxville, Tennessee
(615) 546-7711

Texas

Well, it's happened again — another true life incident to prove that William Faulkner's "A Rose for Emily" is not a horror story too fantastic to be credible.

In Lubbock, Wynona Fuller's brother finally went to the police after his niece, Marsha Fuller, repeatedly refused to let him see his sister. When the police investigated, they discovered the 64-year-

old woman's corpse decomposing under a white blanket.

She had been dead for five months.

Marsha Fuller explained to police that God "had taken her mother's soul out of her body so He could repair it cell by cell."

SEPTEMBER

Cowboy Cauldron
September 12
Brackettville, Texas
(512) 563-2466

36th Pioneer Day and Rodeo
September 18-20
Fort Worth, Texas
(817) 626-7921

OCTOBER

Battle Reenactment
October 2-4
Gonzales, Texas
(512) 672-6532

Tex Ritter Roundup
October 17-18
Carthage, Texas
(903) 693-6634

Living History Festival
October 24-25
Richmond, Texas
(713) 342-6478

NOVEMBER

39th Roping Fiesta
November 7-8
San Angelo, Texas
(915) 653-7785

Cajun Catfish Festival
November 13-15
Conroe, Texas
(409) 539-7890

National Cutting Horse Championship
November 30-December 13
Fort Worth, Texas
(817) 244-6188

Virginia

Governor Douglas Wilder has made a new friend — Jack Kent Cooke, owner of the Washington Redskins, who wants Virginia taxpayers to build him a new stadium and let him pocket the income from it. The site: historic Alexandria.

The local folks are furious with

Wilder, who is so determined to push through the details that he won't even let city officials look at his correspondence with Cooke, letters spelling out the fine details of the agreement.

At this writing it appears to be a Hollywood ending for Wilder and Kent, who are strolling hand in hand into the sunset as the music swells and the credits roll. But we predict that after a fierce battle the stadium will be built somewhere else in Northern Virginia and that when the dust has settled, Doug Wilder won't be able to win a popularity contest with Ross Perot.

SEPTEMBER

Reenactment
September 15-16
Richmond, Virginia
(804) 672-5100

Scottish Festival
September 26
Williamsburg, Virginia
(804) 220-0274

Amputee Golf Tournament
September 28-October 2
Harrisonburg, Virginia
(703) 434-4642

OCTOBER

Railway Festival
October 9-11
Roanoke, Virginia
(703) 342-2028

Visit of Lafayette to
Robert E. Lee's Mother
October 17
Alexandria, Virginia
(703) 548-8454

NOVEMBER

Guy Fawkes DAY
November 5
Staunton, Virginia
(703) 332-7850

Turkey Trot
November 21
Richmond, Virginia
(804) 748-1623

Christmas at Oatlands
November 21-December 20
Leesburg, Virginia
(703) 777-3174

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

WHICH WAY THE SOUTH?

by William Murchison

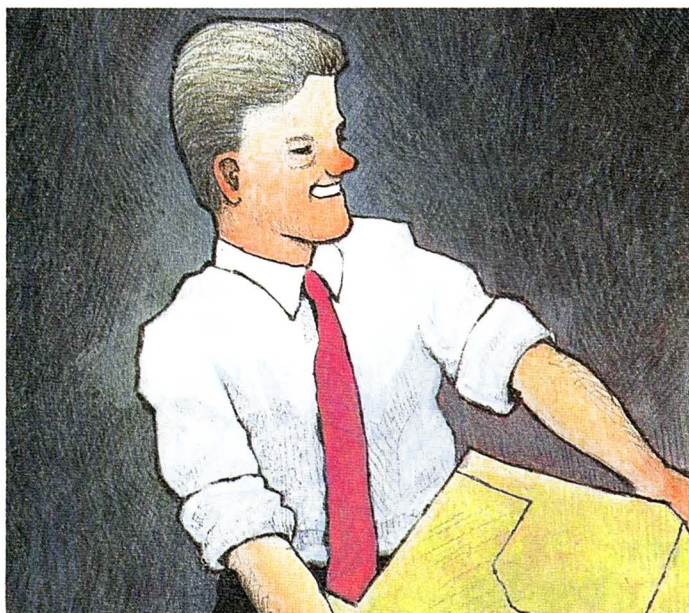
I still see the odd bumper sticker touting Ross Perot's unique ability to boss the United States of America. We Southerners, pro-Perot or otherwise, can appreciate such constancy. Defiance has been our stock in trade. The Perot people are a defiant lot. The knight errant who had set himself at their head has rediscovered other interests in life, but his supporters' anger—directed less at him than at The System they hoped he would remodel—helps drive this extraordinary election campaign. Perot's supporters—ex- or enduring—are the angriest, most fed-up, most disgusted, most-everything voters on the face of the earth. And yet they can claim no monopoly on anger. Everybody is mad it seems; or, if not mad, sour; or, if not sour, perplexed. This, only two years after the internal collapse of communism! "[A]t the moment of victory," says the *Wall Street Journal*, "a wave of self-doubt sweeps America. Polls indicate fully three-fourths of all Americans

believe the country is on 'the wrong track.'"

The candidate—George Bush or Bill Clinton—who better addresses this perplexity will prevail in November. As of this writing, Clinton and running mate Al Gore—the first all-Southern Democratic ticket since Jackson and Calhoun in 1828—lead some polls two to one, with voters shouting hallelujah to every assertion of the need for change.

Why are so many people bumfuzzled as another near-interminable campaign surges into its final months? Isn't it morning in America, as President Reagan promised? It once was, but to those anxiously consulting their watches, that appears to have been hours ago. If it were still morning, George Bush would be in superb shape, whereas he is in awful shape. There is increasingly a hopelessness about the whole enterprise on which he's launched, that of winning reelection.

Bush lacks the look of a winner. He is edgy, defensive, and has, moreover, every reason to be. He is a salesman with little to sell. The back pats he administers to himself have an in-your-face quality, as if to say, "I don't care what you think about me, I am too doing a good job." It is all very painful and



embarrassing to see. George Bush is a nice man.

Whether nice or not, incumbent presidents who seek a second term are not supposed to be in his kind of pickle. After four years in office, they are supposed to have compiled a record to which they can point in speeches and debates. Ronald Reagan in 1984 certainly did, and was richly rewarded for it.

The difference between Reagan and Bush has been much remarked and correctly so, I think. Reagan had a philosophical center. He knew where he was going, and he knew, more or less, who was going with him. He had in mind philosophical travel, with the nation along on a journey from used-up assumptions and theories to fresh ones that, on inspection, turned out to be far older and more enduring. The nation under Reagan felt a certain invigoration. It was getting somewhere, rather than spinning its wheels in the ditch. George Bush, too, likes to travel but chiefly alone—the journeyings of the chief diplomat bound on endless official errands only remotely connected to popular concerns.

Even when flitting between Maine and Texas, Bush gave the impression of immobility. There was nowhere—in the philosophical sense—he particularly wanted to go. He hoped apparently we might just pull up a rocker with him and sit a spell. Bush, a man of the 1940s, with all that the designation says about character and patriotism, can rightly be called conservative. But is not “a” conservative—one who has identified himself (as did Reagan) with the conservative movement, hoping through the movement’s triumph to affect lasting change. I offered this distinction at a meeting of the Philadelphia Society in 1989, a couple of months after Bush’s inauguration, and have not felt compelled to withdraw it. Bush’s vision for America remains as formless as thawing Jello. “Invoking the buzzword of the year,” writes R. W. Apple, Jr. of the *New York Times*, “he cast himself as a spokesman for change, as if Michael S. Dukakis had been president the last four years.” There is no program, no strategy, no outreach. A few themes emerge—jobs, families, peace. All have a nice sound

The Southerner's Dilemma

The 1992 presidential season brought Southerners an interesting diversion—a choice consisting, for a while, not of one, nor of two, but of three Southerners. Not all the same kind of Southerner, of course.

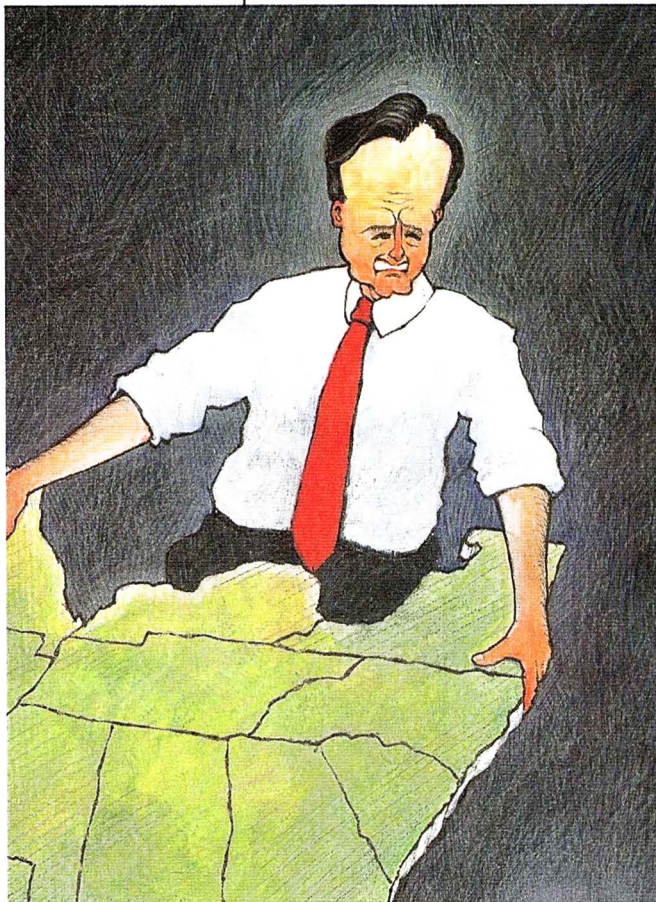
Ross Perot is in these terms the most interesting of the three: the archetypal New Southerner; son of a cotton broker in Texarkana, Texas; graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy; a billionaire several times over—in computers; most visibly Southern when he talks (he has a nasal twang). Perot, a Presbyterian, came under media fire various times for his moral “rigidity.” How much of it was truly moral and how much professional is hard to sort out. The famous dress code enforced at Electronic Data Systems in his heyday—short hair, white shirts, and the like—was aimed at building credibility with customers used to dealing with straight-arrow IBM.

Perot angered the NAACP with his instantly famous reference to “you people.” It’s hard actually to know what one *can* say to the NAACP, given the delicacy of its feelings. The story hardly rated attention, save that Perot at the time was sinking in the polls, and the vultures were circling.

I know Perot a little. His most beguiling quality is his gift for salesmanship—not your paradigmatic Old South endowment. His self-confidence is impenetrable. Perot’s business career was spent in the New South venue

of Dallas, where he mingled with and was lionized by his fellow rich. His Texas twang—pronounced even by Texas standards—seemed to many followers to exemplify his naturalness. He is nonetheless one shrewd old country boy.

Perot’s Arkansas neighbor, **Bill Clinton**, is likewise New South. Is any other image, in today’s Democratic Party, possible? Clinton has positioned himself as a Southern moderate. This is not necessarily saying a lot. The Democratic Leadership Council style is cheering, and cheered, chiefly for the contrast it presents with the party’s radical,



McGovernized past (in which Clinton participated joyously). Clinton should receive due credit for aspects of his gump-tion, git-up-and-git personal style. He had by his own account a wretched childhood as oldest stepson of an abusive alcoholic; his presidential quest seems sometimes to stem from the need to make up for that childhood. He seems from an early age to have lusted after high office. His imputedly adulterous past probably shakes Southerners less than his effort to avoid the Vietnam era draft without impeaching what he called, in a letter at the time, his "political viability." A Dallas newspaper columnist, Jim Wright, wrote: "Young Mr. Clinton was raised in Sir Walter Scott country, where traditional concepts like honor and shame still carry weight."

Clinton's feminist wife Hillary shook up Arkansas at the start, but he gentled her down, at least in public. Her off-hand gibes at cookie-baking hausfraus—yea, at Tammy Wynette herself—continued to give trouble, and finally Hillary (so it looks anyway) was muzzled. The muzzle certainly will come off if she succeeds Barbara Bush as first lady.

The nominal Southerner in the race of course is **George Bush**. Northern-born and educated, he moved to West Texas following World War II to work in the oil business. He moved subsequently to Houston. His rented suite in the Houstonian Hotel still permits him to call Houston his home and incidentally, avoid state income taxes—a species of organized theft that Texas continues to spurn. He professes to love country and western music, and his love of hunting and fishing is Southern enough. Jokesters, however, still poke fun at his Yankee mannerisms and formulations. There is still about Bush the aura of the preppie but so, too, of the patriot who volunteered—volunteered, Governor Clinton—for war and served his country with courage and distinction. Bush was manifestly the Southern candidate in 1988. Under South Carolinian Lee Atwater's tutelage he carried every Southern state. The South would be Bush's in a normal year. Unfortunately for Bush, 1992 isn't normal.

—William Murchison

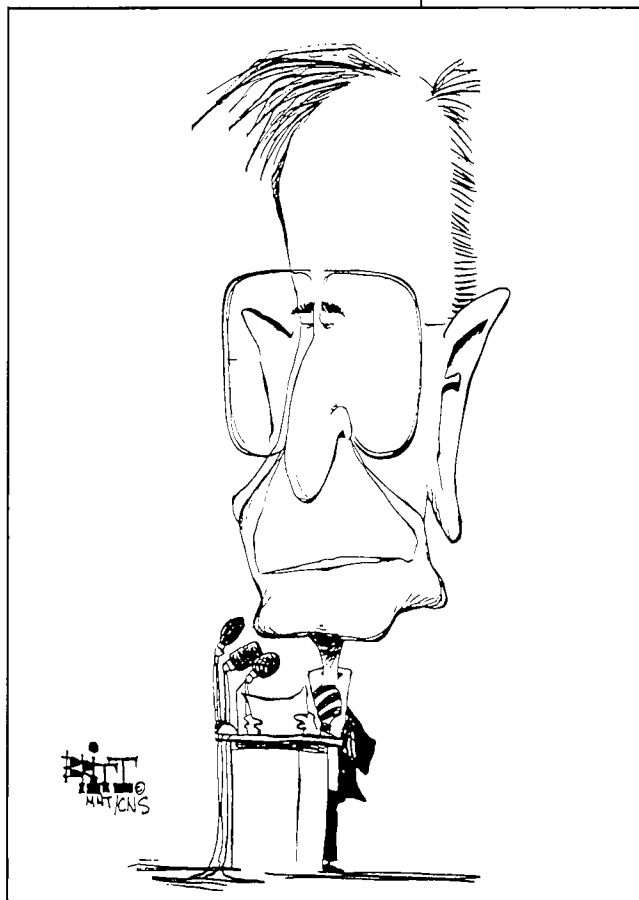
but fit the Bush persona oddly. Bush might have thought of jobs before the he broke his word and raised taxes—a disastrous miscalculation—and blessed reregulation of the economy (the Clean Air Act, the Americans with Disabilities Act). The economic revival of the '80s was based on greater, not lesser, scope for individual initiative. And how is the federal government going to reconstruct "family values"? Government bleeds the producing classes in order to debauch the welfare classes.

Winning the Persian Gulf War may have been Bush's best piece of work in the White House, but it was also more than a year ago, and public gratitude has dimmed, due partly to the incomplete nature of the peace. Saddam Hussein's continued posturings in Baghdad undercut Bush's mighty-warrior image. On a couple of issues, Bush has shown staunchness—the right to life and the appointment of conservative federal judges. Neither issue seems likely to give him the leg-up he requires. Numerous Republicans agree more with the recently pro-choice Bill Clinton than with the formerly pro-choice George Bush. Some may jump ship if they haven't already. Perot attracted many of these voters—economic conservatives with permissive views on social questions. Ronald Reagan held them in the Republican camp, possibly making it worth their while economically to keep voting Republican. Here again the recession hurts Bush. There is

no gratitude to dispense or receive for keeping the economy healthy.

The judiciary remains a plus for Bush, who has named 150 generally conservative judges to the federal bench, Clarence Thomas being the best-known of them. From the conservative viewpoint, Thomas was a slam dunk; but Justice David Souter, the "stealth nominee," played an infuriating role in keeping alive *Roe v. Wade*, just when four other justices of the U. S. Supreme Court were ready to pull the plug on it. The judiciary in any event is not the kind of issue over which many voters agonize much of the time. It will help Bush but not help him greatly.

What *would* help Bush? For Clinton-Gore to slip on a banana peel—several times a day if possible. The Democrats' hot pace since the New York City convention makes this seem improbable. An economic recovery would help



immensely, but there isn't time for that. A new running mate? Dumping Dan Quayle, who is by default the administration's conservative point man, has been suggested; but this would only further bolster the president's reputation for philosophical wobbliness. Loud, angry, attacks on Clinton and Gore? The voters might just tune out.

Here is the problem for Bush: he has lost the microphone, through failure to use it. The president of the United States doesn't control the message, the character or content of the debate. The Clinton-Gore ticket is scorching the airwaves with its demands for change. "Change," the governor said in San Diego, "is the law of life...How can you conserve the basic values, how can you conserve the fabric of your life if you do not have the courage to change when what you're doing is tearing the heart out of the country?" The crowd ate it up with spoons.

We are back suddenly, startlingly, to Ross Perot. We thought he was out of this thing? He is not out of it for one minute. Perot—once believed to be a Republican, owing to his association with Republican presidents—performed an immensely valuable service for the Democrats. He put change on the national agenda. Perot plowed and fertilized. Clinton is weeding and watering, waiting for a bumper fall crop. He is already gathering Perot supporters, two thirds of whom, according to some polls, say they will vote for the Democratic ticket. Earlier polls had shown Perot picking up equally from conservatives, moderates and liberals. The more recent figures suggest that the longer and louder he clamored for change, the more change-minded his supporters became; to the point that, even without a captain, many crew members are studying how to keep the Perot movement together and agitating for change. Perotistas seem to want a third party; they don't much care for the two we have at present, though one clearly fits their pistol better than the other one. Tolerance for Bush, the establish-

ment candidate, now painfully endeavoring to spell out the reasons we owe him gratitude for four years service, is lower now than it might have been five or six months ago. This could be due to natural impatience with the slow (sometimes indiscernible) pace of economic recovery, or it could be due just to general restlessness.

Restlessness for what, though? The question has escaped the analysts. We should look at it. Is Bill Clinton, first of all, the answer or the symptom? Clinton, leading light of the Democratic Leadership

Council, which has attempted to move the Democratic party away from McGovern liberalism, was in the beginning less the apostle of change than a fresh face. There were more radical Democrats out there than Clinton, notably Senator Tom Harkin. Senator Bob Kerrey talked of a grand scheme to make health care universally available. Clinton sought more than anything else to conciliate diverse constituencies—



blacks, Southerners, Jews, pro-choicers and the like—and thus unite them. Clinton last winter was the candidate of change only insofar as he wanted to change the name on the White House mailbox.

Perot made plain what people really wanted, namely something different from what they had, politically speaking. A goodly number of convinced Republicans, given their druthers, owned up to wishing someone else were in the race. Patrick Buchanan, had he been running more than a protest campaign, would have received many more Republican primary votes than he did. Few if any voters thought he had a serious chance

to dislodge an incumbent president. At the grass-roots level I have encountered exactly two people who are fervently and adamantly pro-Bush: not just anti-Clinton but solidly for Bush as a leader and thinker.

In this context the brilliance of the Clinton-Gore campaign becomes clearer. Bill Clinton may look and sound vaguely like a Kappa Sig chapter president, but he is actually a skilled and intuitive politician. He has poised the Democratic Party gently if precariously on the side of (1) stability and (2) dramatic change. This took some doing. The stability he promotes is in terms of values the New Covenant Democrats assure us that they support; family, work, decency, free enterprise, and a strong stance in the world—all the things Harry Truman and Hubert Humphrey were for before the party went wild in 1972 (with a young Bill Clinton straining every nerve to elect wildman-in-chief George McGovern). This flank covered, the New Covenant Democrats tout change. Much of what they say sounds like Perot; The System isn't working, the American dream is flagging, we have to do something fast. Only after his withdrawal did Perot get around to saying what he would do. His economic plan features new taxes and government partnership in economic development, as well as cuts in discretionary spending. Clinton achieves something like this balance. Likewise the Democrats fasten on the fashionable social concerns—environmentalism, feminism, gay rights, all the things they have been for in the past, to their considerable cost. This year it is different. In the agenda of the New Covenant Democrats there is something for almost everybody—a salad bar of concerns. No one, liberal or conservative need walk away famished. As much as Lyndon Johnson ever did, Clinton yearns ostensibly to be “president of all the people.”

How can he do this? Because, as he emphasized in late July, we have moved beyond “liberal versus conservative, left versus right, big government versus little government. That’s a load of bull we’ve been paralyzed with for too long. Your plan and my plan are about big ideas versus old ideas.” The Clinton vision, when we scrutinize it, may be as real as a David O. Selznick set. The sound that issues from it is something else again:

Murchison, Continued on Page 26

CAMPAIGN '92

Special Commentary

To help us gauge the meaning of the presidential contest and the general decline of civilization in 1992, we have consulted the following editors, advisors and special friends of the *Southern Partisan*:

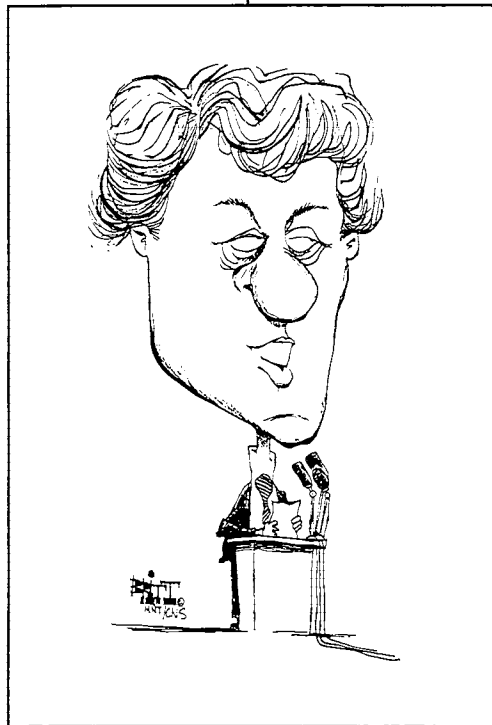
The Debased State

The Framer’s provision for the election of Presidents is the feeblest part of the Constitution drawn up in 1787. That imprudence has now reduced us to the degradation of the democratic dogma, in the phrase of Brooks and Henry Adams. Both candidates in 1992 clearly are unfit for the most powerful office in the world. Mr. Bush has amply demonstrated his lack of principle and his weakness of character; Mr. Clinton is the baby-kissing

unscrupulous demagogue of caricature, promising everything to everybody. With real pleasure we will behold the defeat of one or the other. Would that it might be both.

Election to the presidency nowadays is determined by television appearances—most of which must be paid for. I was Mr. Patrick Buchanan’s Michigan general chairman in the primary. We spent ten thousand dollars on the campaign; Mr. Bush’s people spent five hundred thousand. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. In domestic affairs and in foreign, we may expect disaster by the end of this century. Sortilege and sortition would produce results superior to the present debased state of electoral competition for the presidency.

—Russell Kirk
Mecosta, Michigan



Reconstruction Continues

Only one presidential hopeful—Pat Buchanan—has embraced Southern principles, despite the irony that almost every candidate has familial ties to the old Confederacy. With Buchanan out of the race, we can expect four more years of Reconstruction, and a bigger dose of French Revolutionary doctrines, no matter who wins.

—James McClellan
Director, The Jesse Helms Center
Wingate, North Carolina

Liberal Homophilia

Contemplating the '92 election, I'm aware that five generations or more of my family have been Democrats (my great-grandfather a states' rights man utterly opposed to Lincoln and the revolutionary Republicans)—and yet I

(guiltily) voted for Reagan and Bush, because of what the Democrats had become. Now with Clinton-Gore we have what looks like traditional Democrats—and *Southerners*. Only one thing gives me pause: the Supreme Court and the dishonest reading of the Constitution that pretends to see a right for abortion. Might Bush if re-elected get one more appointment that would ensure the end of *Roe*? Still, his choice of Souter did no more than Reagan's of Turncoat Kennedy: not much to pin a vote for Bush on. At this moment, Clinton and Gore look right good and homelike. But I will not vote for Clinton/Gore, for they refuse to repudiate the liberal social agenda, including the liberal homophilia.

—Sheldon Vanauken

Historian

Lynchburg, Virginia

Hobson's Choice

Here in the Free State, the Bush-Clinton tilt is seen as the quintessential Hobson's Choice. Bush, for his part, has taken on the odious aura of Kaufman's "Man Who Came to Dinner." He obviously doesn't know when to leave—and we, unfortunately, can't find a way to tell him. So, here we sit, faced with another term of his gorging himself at taxpayers' expense, while alternately whining and carping when pressed to tell the truth.

Now comes Bill Clinton, the self-proclaimed Apostle of Change. And what would he change? Taxes—he can't wait to raise them. Government spending—he'd go forth and multiply. Abortion—he used to be against it, but after enduring 17 years of Hillary...Father forgive him his sin. Did I say "Hobson's Choice"? My apologies to the gentlemen. At least his clients got to choose the whole horse—and not just the part that crosses the line last.

—C. L. Clews

Westminster, Maryland

Check that Date

The only material difference between the two parties is, that the Democratiks look more exclusively to plundering through the finances & the treasury, while the Whigs look more to plundering by whole sale, through partial legislation, Banks, Protection and other means of monopoly. The one rely for support on capital & the other on the masses; & the one tends more to aristocracy & the other to the power of a single man, or monarchy. Both have entirely forgot the principles, which originally gave rise to their existence; and are equally proscriptive & devoted to party machinery. To preserve party machinery & to keep up party union are paramount to all other considerations; to truth, justice & the constitution. Every thing is studiously suppressed by both sides calculated to destroy party harmony; & hence the South is kept in as great a state of ignorance of the aggressions of abolitionists, & the pandering to their appetite by both parties at the North, as if they belonged to a different community and had no interest, or concern, in reference to it.

—John C. Calhoun

April 21, 1848

Pinocchio, McGoo, and Jimmy II

Now that Mr. McGoo has been frightened out of the race, the voters must choose between Jimmy Carter

without piety or President Pinocchio. Sufferin' succotash. Those unschooled in history say it doesn't matter who's president now that the Cold War's over. If only they were right.

—William P. Cheshire

Editorial Page Editor, *The Arizona Republic*
Phoenix, Arizona

New Voices

Since World War II the entire nation, and not only the South, has endured a second Reconstruction. Its way of life has been unilaterally altered by tyrannical Washington decisions. Thanks to the unexpected emergence of an individual candidate, the control of both major political parties has been shaken for the first time since the 1850s. Whoever wins the election will, therefore, be a minority president confronting an entire nation eager to rid itself of a swollen bureaucracy and its taxers. Southern voices long silenced will have a chance to be heard, and changes long suppressed a chance to be made. Change, once started, will not stop simply at the polls.

—Otto Scott

Editor, *Compass*

Murphys, California

Revitalized for What?

When Governor Bill Clinton chose Tennessee Senator Al Gore as his running mate, Texas billionaire Ross Perot was still unofficially in the race. But on July 16, Mr. Perot withdrew, the same day Bill Clinton was officially nominated. The question as to whether Clinton would have chosen Gore had he known about Perot's intentions is an important one because it reveals something about the public policy agendas a President Clinton would pursue. The extent to which Southerners elect governors and senators who genuinely reflect their region's political preferences will determine the extent to which a Clinton Administration will adhere to Southern principles as opposed to more of the same Democratic policies of the past. I, for one, am not convinced. As Ross Perot conceded as he exited the presidential race, the Democratic Party is revitalized. The question remains, revitalized for what?

—Marshall L. DeRosa

Florida Atlantic University

Hard Choices

As Southern conservatives, what are we to do with no major party candidate in the presidential race?

First, there is the argument of some conservatives that it is better to be in opposition against the more obvious liberals: Clinton-Gore. In that way, conservatives would unite and rally against the liberals in office (as under Carter). The high price paid would be damage to the country by four or more years under liberals in the White House allied with liberals in Congress. The courts, the economy, and the bureaucracy, would slip further out of reach. [Clinton-Gore, though Southerners, hardly represent the traditional conservatism of the South, when Governor Clinton raised taxes 128 times, and when Hillary Rodham financially

aided the Communist guerrillas in El Salvador and the National Lawyers Guild—founded as an adjunct to the US Communist Party. Al Gore is rated as having the second or third most left wing voting record in the Senate in terms of constitutional principles of limited government.]

Second, there is the argument of voting for the lesser of two evils (to opt for part of a loaf rather than none): Bush-Quayle. In this way, less would be cut out of the defense budget and more conservatives would wind up on the Supreme Court and federal courts. [Yet government and deficits would get bigger, "Reagan" type conservatives would stay purged for "pragmatists," the Insider elite would still be running things, and more damage would be done to the conservative movement.]

A third option is to vote for a true conservative who will unfortunately not win the presidency. But you would have voted your conscience and not for the lesser of evils.

For responsible citizens, not voting is no option. Voting for extreme liberals is no wise option. This leaves two options: voting for a true conservative Third Party candidate, or voting for the lesser of two evils. Our dilemma is determining how to best send a message while keeping the country from going down the drain.

—David Funderburk
Buies Creek, North Carolina

Damning Murphy Not Enough

Conservatives and libertarians must smell the coffee before another generation is surrendered. The present leadership of the Republican party is not voter-friendly, especially if that voter is to the right of Franklin Roosevelt. Occasional lip service to family values—"that damnable Murphy Brown"—is not enough. Serious pro-family legislation must be introduced. And that cursed "Great Society" that "caused" the LA riots must be abolished. Slay the whipping boy before the Republican party is looted and burned. Ross Perot is up in the polls because George Bush is down on conservative principles. At best, Perot is a clownish figure with no political credibility. But most conservatives will take a clown over a traitor any day.

—Bud Frazier
Valrico, Florida

Mr. Perot of Texarkana

Since we can't have our hero Pat Buchanan, what's the Southern solution for 1992?

The Arkansas playboy is sold as a "Southern moderate" when the scalawag is actually a left-liberal with a paternity suit. Bobby Ann Williams, a black woman, says seven-year-old Danny is the spitting image of his dad, and a photo seems to confirm it.

With Bill Clinton in the White House, family, the most important Southern value, will be subverted. (And that's the real family, not the simulacrum advanced at the New York convention and consisting of any number and types of people in temporary congress.)

As First Lady—if you'll excuse the expression—Hillary would work to transfer parental authority, which she

Murchison, Continued from Page 24

the more so in the absence of music issuing from the Bush encampment. The Gore nomination moreover was a symphony of manipulation. This year it isn't necessary to *be* mainstream (Gore isn't), just to look that way (Gore does.) The Tennessee senator's record as a big spender, as well as a book he wrote calling for putting the environment first, the economy second—these things would tell against the ticket in a normal year. What we must get through our heads is that this is no normal year. The anger of the voters, the strange disengagement of the president, the strategical knowhow of the president's opponent, all combine to make this year abnormal, and, from the conservative perspective, deeply dangerous.

Conservatives, who used to run the show, are notably discouraged. Bush they find less exciting than a piano recital, and less obligatory. Clinton, with his glowing excelsior-excelsior message, purchases himself for a while anyway a certain invulnerability from rigorous criticism. If he's proposing to fix our country, do we care whether his wife Hillary supports abortion and children's "rights;" whether "rich people," under Clinton, would have to pay more taxes; whether homosexuals would gain the right to military service? Do we want things fixed or not? is the question to which this election debate could boil down. Pretty clearly we do want them fixed, as witness the Perot movement on the one hand, and the chilliness toward Bush on the other hand.

We cannot leave at this, even so. The New Covenant Democrats are peddling Change—but change of the sort for which Americans hunger? Americans themselves probably don't know the answer. (A hallmark of the Perot phenomenon was the indifference many Perot backers claimed regarding the candidate's ideas, if any; they said they wanted change, not ideas.) Much of the disgust is based on disgust with politics and politicians, thanks to their indifference, greed, vanity, etc., etc. Ross Perot was the great anti-politician—the businessman who would "clean out the barn," as he expressed it. This could have meant many things. Presumably one thing it did not and could not mean was delivering more power than ever into the hands of politicians. In other words, this is where Clinton and Gore, as apostles of change, run into difficulty. Both are politicians to their fingertips, bred up (Gore) or self-bred (Clinton) to understand and work the public sector. Neither has ever met a payroll or toiled

for any significant period for a private business. Their understanding of ordinary people's concerns probably is less than Bush, who, despite an initial hand up from the president of Dresser Industries, an old family friend, ran his own company and emphatically met payrolls.

The success of the term limitation movement strongly indicates that Americans still don't like and don't trust professional politicians. Voters in as many as 15 states this fall will have before them propositions that, if passed, would restrict lawmakers and other officeholders to specified maximum terms in office. A proposal in Governor Clinton's own home state of Arkansas would limit congressmen to three two-year terms. The term limits movement stems partly from bitter experience with the professional governing class, with their perks and formerly free overdrafts, partly perhaps from the perception that politicians have attempted too much and succeeded at too little. Clinton says the issue isn't big government versus little government; in fact, the tendency of big government to meddle in nearly every human enterprise is the heart of the problem today. Where do we suppose our \$1.4 trillion budget, with its \$350 billion deficit, came from—the bright blue sky? It came from the attempt of lawmakers to solve problems, buy votes, or both, with taxpayer money. Part of Ronald Reagan's political genius was to understand this political truth; a second part was to communicate it with matchless grace and skill. He even managed to initiate some constructive remedies that fleshed out his legacy convincingly, making him the most popular president of modern times.

One probably doesn't want to know what Reagan may think of the way George Bush has frittered away the achievements of the '80s, both political and economic. The pain of such knowledge might be past bearing. Yet that is what happened. The Republican party, astride a popular movement four years ago, today can't even find the reins, far less remember how it got up there in the first place. Nineties-style anger was needless. The Perot phenomenon was needless. None of what is happening had to happen. There was a failure of vision. We recall surely what Bill Clinton, accepting the presidential nomination, said about vision. He cited Scripture: Where there is no vision the people perish. What if it was someone else's line? He spoke it wisely, suavely, with the conviction of a man who knows, or strongly suspects, that his rendezvous with destiny is near. He may be right. ✱

calls "slavery," to the government, thereby "liberating" children from the family, which she calls an "Indian reservation."

We should follow Pat Buchanan and support George Bush, whose only possible slogan is: He's Not Bill Clinton." But that's enough.

—Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.
Auburn, Alabama

Two Zeroes, No Heroes

It is impossible to choose between two cyphers floating in a vacuum. However, it is possible to choose between the consequences of a Democratic victory and a Republican victory. For this reason, I will support Mr. Bush, though with no illusions about what his second term will mean for the South. However, I am doubtful that he is going to be successful in November.

—M.E. Bradford
Irving, Texas

Dixie the Key

To say the obvious, the '92 campaign is proving that the South has indeed risen again. When we had a three-man race, we had two Texans and an Arkansawyer running against each other. Even after the shorter Texas candidate decided to fold his hand and call it a day (a Nervous Nellie after all), Arkansas' Governor Elvis picked a Tennessee Volunteer as his running mate.

The South, along with the West, is the key to any Republican victory. And though the Democrats are trying to rebuild their bridges in the South, it's the Republican party that embodies all of Dixie's best values—patriotism, distrust of the federal government, and an unshakable devotion to church, family, and the idea of neighbors helping neighbors.

I have to add, of course, that no Republican has been elected President in this century without California's support. So we'll be working hard to turn out the vote—especially, need I add, in our Southern strongholds of Orange County and San Diego.

—Harry Crocker
Sacramento, California

Conclusion Ugh!

Bush's strong suit has been foreign policy. Critics ought to reflect on the Democrats' advocacy of endless interventions with a military budget cut well below safe levels. Naturally, Bush would have a stronger case if he had an(y) economic policy, but Clinton offers measures worse than none. Bush has been weak on education and cultural issues, but what may we expect from Clinton's entourage of moral degenerates?

We need a political movement that cuts across outdated ideological and political lines. Meanwhile, the Left has tried the "worse the better" argument often, most notably in Weimar Germany. Unpleasantness has always followed. Conclusion (ugh!): Bush.

—Eugene D. Genovese
Atlanta, Georgia

T. Kenneth Cribb, Jr.

T. Kenneth Cribb, Jr. is President of the Intercollegiate Studies Institute in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, a non-partisan, tax-exempt educational organization dedicated to futherling the American ideal of ordered liberty on the college and university campus. Mr. Cribb was Assistant to the President for Domestic Affairs in the Reagan Administration. As such, he served as President Reagan's top advisor on domestic matters. Earlier in the Administration, Mr. Cribb held the position of Counsellor to the Attorney General of the United States. In 1980, he was Deputy Chief Counsel of the Reagan-Bush campaign and subsequently a member of President-elect Reagan's transition team. A native of Spartanburg, South Carolina, Mr. Cribb received the B.A. from Washington and Lee University, the J.D. from the University of Virginia, and an honorary Doctor of Laws from Oklahoma Christian College. Mr. Cribb was appointed by President Reagan as Governor of the U.S. Red Cross and as a Councilor of the Administrative Conference of the United States. He has also been appointed by the President to the Fulbright Foreign Scholarship Board, which awards the Fulbright Fellowships, and was elected Vice Chairman of the Board in 1989.

Southern Partisan: I'd first like to ask you what your responsibilities were in the Reagan White House —

Mr. Cribb: Fine.

Southern Partisan: — And then, if I could do like the press always does, and "follow up" by asking you what you think was your greatest accomplishment while there.

Mr. Cribb: All right, that's a fair question. Well, my portfolio shifted somewhat. I was an unpaid volunteer in the 1980 campaign and worked my way up. Basically, I came on as a Deputy Chief Counsel to Chief Counsel Loren Smith. Loren is a good conservative and is Chief Judge of the Court of Claims now. I knew Loren through ISI. Many of the hard-charging conservatives under Reagan were associated with ISI, during their intellectual formation. This is not surprising because a conservatism which is intellectually based

tends to withstand the pressures and vicissitudes of practical politics.

After the campaign, I served on the Transition, selecting the team members and supervising the studies of the Department of Justice and the regulatory agencies. I had the opportunity at that time to place more than 300 movement conservatives on 30 transition teams. I considered this important, not only because of the outcome of the studies, but also because these young conservatives needed to be credentialled. After all, we hadn't held national power in my lifetime.

Southern Partisan: And then you entered the Administration?

Mr. Cribb: That's right. Ed Meese had been my ultimate boss at both the campaign and the Transition and asked me to join him at the White House. My first position was Deputy Cabinet Secretary, or some such title. That was quite interesting work. The Cabinet Office marshalled issues for presentation to the President for decision. Because Ed Meese submitted all policy issues to President Reagan through the Cabinet, we set up and administered eight Cabinet Councils, composed of the relevant Cabinet members according to issue clusters: Economic Affairs, Legal and Regulatory Affairs, etc.

Southern Partisan: Reagan's new attempt at cabinet government. An empowered cabinet of sorts.

Mr. Cribb: That's right. President Reagan very much liked to decide issues based on debate by his principal officers that occurred in the Cabinet meetings themselves. He very rarely would make a decision from a memorandum. He would want that position paper to read; but then he would want the debate flushed out between the opposing forces, and he would make a decision.

The Cabinet Office was a wonderful opportunity to comprehend the full range of the Reagan Agenda. During the first term, I happened to be the only official that attended all cabinet and cabinet council meetings.

INTERVIEW BY ORAN P. SMITH

In February of 1982 I went to work directly for Ed Meese as Assistant Counsellor to the President. And basically that position oversaw the domestic apparatus: the policy apparatus of the White House and, in fact, the policy formulating functions of all the Cabinet departments as well. Sooner or later a matter had to come to that office to get to the President. I held that position until 1985, and when Meese became Attorney General, I was named Counsellor to the Attorney General. My job was to head up the transition at the Department of Justice and to make personnel recommendations to the incoming Attorney General, basically to give him advice in setting up his own regime. I then served as his chief aide in administering the Department. Those were my favorite years. The department was largely manned with hand-selected conservative intellectuals, effective at setting the legal agenda of the country.

That was from '85 to '87. And then in 1987, when the Iran-Contra scandal broke and Howard Baker was named the new Chief of Staff to succeed Don Regan, I was asked to be one of the three-member transition team to basically remap the White House Staff structure. I was the "old hand."

Southern Partisan: I see.

Mr. Cribb: The others were long-time Baker aides. After a month of that, the President asked me to stay on as Assistant to the President for Domestic Affairs. That was basically the old Meese portfolio from the first term. In other words, the policy offices reported to me—the Cabinet Office, the Public Affairs Office, and also the Welfare Reform Office. I held that position until shortly before the Administration ended.

Southern Partisan: Right. I thought you were there until near the end of Reagan's second term.

Mr. Cribb: It was very near the end. It was after the election, so, it would have been November.

In terms of accomplishment, your follow up question—

Southern Partisan: A bit harder.

Mr. Cribb: The area that I worked on most consistently over the eight years was judicial selection. No mat-

ter what my job description was during the eight years, I found a way to work on judicial selection. In fact, I sat on the Committee that made the recommendations to the President for all Federal Judgeships from 1982 until I left office. I think that my own assistance in Reagan's successful effort to revamp the Federal Judiciary is probably the thing that gives me the most satisfaction.

Southern Partisan: We had such high hopes for the Reagan and Bush appointees. In light of recent decisions, are you at all disappointed with our Supreme Court?

Mr. Cribb: Yes.

Southern Partisan: The disappointments are obviously people that you did not select!

Mr. Cribb: Well, yes. Souter I am disappointed in his recent ruling on the *Roe v. Wade* question. He was, of

course, a Bush appointee. I was in the White House when Kennedy was selected. I supported his predecessor appointments, Bork and Ginsberg. He was not my first choice after them. Rather, I supported Judges Larry Silberman and Pasco Bowman.

Southern Partisan: I see.

Mr. Cribb: But I certainly acquiesced in the appointment once it was made, and had higher hopes for him then we've seen in some recent cases. In the main he has been performing as expected. But unfortunately disappointments are the tails that wag the dog. Disappointment in the Church-State cases and the abortion case.

Southern Partisan: I noticed that Gary Bauer wrote in the Family Research Council newsletter that Kennedy was the real disappointment; that O'Connor was not as surprising.

Mr. Cribb: Yes. I think that's right. I think that's right. But disappointment compared to what?

Southern Partisan: Compared to Eisenhower's appointee Earl Warren?

Mr. Cribb: Compared to Earl Warren or William Brennan, another Republican appointee. It is interesting to note that by the time of the Burger Court, the liberal



majorities were composed of Republicans, except for Thurgood Marshall.

Southern Partisan: All those Eisenhower people....

Mr. Cribb: And the Nixon and Ford people were liberals, voted with liberals on the Burger court with the exception of Burger himself and Rehnquist.

Southern Partisan: Shifting gears a little bit, to the current administration. We are in an election campaign here and a lot of rehashing is being done of Bush's first term. What is your assessment of George Bush's first four years—the positives and the negatives?

Mr. Cribb: It's not shifting gears as much as you thought. The great positive is that he has continued the Reagan legacy in revamping the Federal Courts. Now, remember that earlier we focused on a couple of appointments to the Supreme Court, and of course, they are crucially important.

But in fact, there are some 800 Federal Judges and Reagan and Bush have appointed about 60 percent of them, including Republican-appointed majorities now in every Circuit Court in the nation. It has made a huge difference in our jurisprudence and will continue to make a big difference. In fact, the difference will grow exponentially because of the way that judicial precedent works. Bush has been every bit as good as Reagan on that. Was Reagan perfect? No. Is Bush perfect? No. Mistakes are sometimes made. But, in fact, the predictability of Reagan-Bush appointees is much greater than any Republican administration in our lifetime. So, I think both of them have done a superb job on that.

Now, to Bush's credit, he has left in place at working levels the same people who were working on judicial selection under Reagan. But I think that is a conscious decision of his, and the fact that he is getting good advice is because he knows what he is doing to produce that good advice.

Southern Partisan: I see.

Mr. Cribb: I think another positive is that whether or not you supported the late war in the Gulf, he is a superb Commander-in-Chief.

The great negative is the 1990 budget compromise, which of course includes reneging on the tax pledge. And all that tells you is how the Bush administration conceives of domestic policy. President Bush has now acknowledged that as a mistake and I think he is right. It was bad inside-the-beltway advice that he got from his Budget Director, Richard Darman. And Richard

Darman gave the same advice year after year in the Reagan Administration, but Reagan didn't listen to him.

Southern Partisan: I'm glad he didn't. I have to admit that as a conservative, I'm a little bit frustrated after the Buchanan candidacy and because of some of the mushiness we've seen from the Bush administration.

What do you see for the future of the conservative movement, and who are some of its emerging leaders?

Mr. Cribb: That's a good question, but one this contest won't join. The question you raised will not occur for a couple of years now—until we get into the 1996 election cycles.

Southern Partisan: Yes.

Mr. Cribb: There will be a good deal of movement. Some people we think of as prominent now will have disappeared and others will have surfaced. But, I think that the roster in terms of politicians would have to include Dan Quayle, Pete DuPont, Pat Buchanan and Jack Kemp. Bill Bennett and Phil Gramm will certainly be prominent in those stakes as well. Of course, the die is cast for '92. And I'm certainly going to sup-

port and vote for George Bush.

Southern Partisan: There are those conservatives who say that what we need is for Bill Clinton to be elected to shock the conservatives, to wake them up so that they will put up a conservative nominee in 1996; Ronald Reagan all over again. I personally don't agree with that. I assume you don't. What do you think of that kind of reaction?

Mr. Cribb: I think that too much would be ruined in the four years of a Clinton administration. For example, Quayle has a very effective line that he takes in his speeches: How would you like to have Patricia Schroeder as Secretary of Defense?

Southern Partisan: Pretty scary.

Mr. Cribb: Or Larry Tribe on the Supreme Court.

Southern Partisan: Worse!

Mr. Cribb: And you can take that and multiply it by 3,000 senior executive appointments. The question then becomes would there be anything left of the country for the conservatives to salvage after four years of Clinton?

Southern Partisan: A good point.

Mr. Cribb: Well, there would be something, but it's too high a price to pay. I would rather wait out a Bush second term than suffer through a Clinton first term.

Southern Partisan: What is ISI and what does it do?

Mr. Cribb: The Intercollegiate Studies Institute (ISI)



Schroeder as Secretary of Defense?

Southern Partisan: Pretty scary.

Mr. Cribb: Or Larry Tribe on the Supreme Court.

Southern Partisan: Worse!

Mr. Cribb: And you can take that and multiply it by 3,000 senior executive appointments. The question then becomes would there be anything left of the country for the conservatives to salvage after four years of Clinton?

Southern Partisan: A good point.

Mr. Cribb: Well, there would be something, but it's too high a price to pay. I would rather wait out a Bush second term than suffer through a Clinton first term.

Southern Partisan: What is ISI and what does it do?

Mr. Cribb: The Intercollegiate Studies Institute (ISI) was founded to impart to succeeding generations the economic, cultural and spiritual values that sustain a free society. It was founded in 1953 (Bill Buckley was its first President) by citizens who saw the very effective work of the Intercollegiate Society of Socialists, which had been operating since the turn of the century and by the time of the New Deal had peopled the government with its more extreme left-wing firebrands.

There was a considered judgment by the citizens who founded ISI that there had to be a group that took the long view of politics and that did not join in contesting the issues of the day, but rather worked to produce the people who would contest those issues a generation from now.

ISI is very much concerned with the question of cultural patrimony, of what Christopher Dawson called "enculturation," the question of passing on the content of our culture from one generation to the next. And since 1953 that's exactly the mission toward which ISI has persevered. It does so through publications, through seminars, lectures, fellowships. But it has a secret constituency that the typical conservative organization doesn't have. It has a membership and volunteer network in all 50 states. It's not just an ivory tower, but it's an ivory tower that's connected to its own audience in the sense that there are ISI representatives on over 1,100 campuses, with 50,000 student and professor members.

Our paid staff is only 22, which is not small for a conservative organization, but with it you obviously couldn't carry on a 50-state mission at 1,100 schools. We depend very much on our faculty associates and campus representatives,

who number almost 3,000, to actually implement the design of our program.

Southern Partisan: I know that the whole political correctness movement has been a curse that has stricken higher education and I know that that has been one of the battles that has been fought by ISI.

Mr. Cribb: Oh, so you know of some of our activities.

Southern Partisan: Has this abated any, or is this —

Mr. Cribb: It's changing. It's not abating. ISI did identify the political correctness phenomenon early although you know, our longstanding, long-term program is to nurture future American leadership. We raised additional monies to take on the question of political correctness before it had a name. In fact, we founded *Campus: America's Student Newspaper* to combat political correctness and multiculturalism. Campus, which now has a circulation of 135,000 and —

Southern Partisan: Wow. I had no idea the readership was that large already.

Mr. Cribb: This coming year, circulation will reach around 165,000.

Southern Partisan: We're one of those.

Mr. Cribb: Good. *Campus* provides a student platform for voices dissenting from the politically correct line on campus. And that is quite necessary because the students who affirm a traditional liberal arts education in the classroom and who affirm conservative politics outside of the classroom are not only in the minority, but hobnail boot tactics and intimidation are used against them by the faculty and by the administrators.

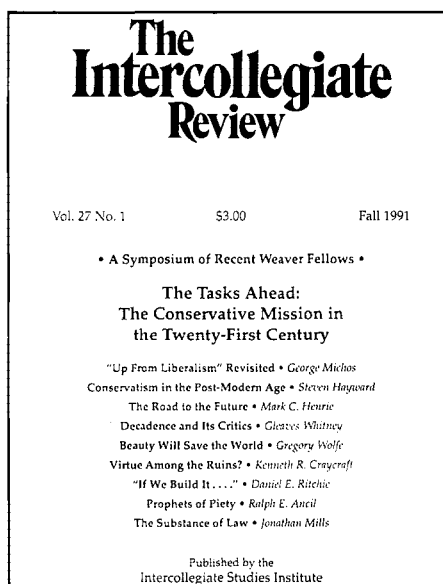
That is what is different about the college campuses. Twenty years ago our colleges were liberal and uniformly so, and it was perceived by conservative academics as a great problem. The gestapo mentality, however, existed in the new-left radicals who were attacking administrations and faculties from the outside. Now they are on the inside.

Southern Partisan: A part of them.

Mr. Cribb: Now they are a part of them. So the problem has changed. The problem therefore requires new tactics. And that's why ISI instituted three and a half years ago (before, as I say, political correctness even had a name) something called the "Campaign for Leadership." We put major resources into providing support for conservative students. For students and professors who were out-gunned, out-numbered and badly needed suste-

nance in this fight.

The secret to this fight and it is changing as we



cally hiding what they are truly up to. That's the good news. The bad news is that their power in the university structure remains unabated.

Southern Partisan: They are still the "tenured radicals."

Mr. Cribb: They are still tenured radicals, that's right.

Southern Partisan: In graduate school, if you get the reputation of being a Republican, all of a sudden it's harder to get a good grade on a paper, or harder to get your opinions heard in class.

Mr. Cribb: That's right. That's where ISI comes in for the young graduate student and professors. It's not just the beardless college freshman that needs encouragement. Graduate students who are of a conservative predisposition don't have the financing made available by their liberal-dominated schools, and ISI will fund a number of graduate fellowships every year for those who aspire to college teaching.

Southern Partisan: That's good to hear.

Mr. Cribb: And especially for the young professors, we have a number of publishing opportunities with our four journals and as you know from being Managing Editor of *Southern Partisan*, that is quite important.

Southern Partisan: Publish or perish.

Mr. Cribb: Because of eventually securing tenure.

Southern Partisan: That's true. I'd like to ask you about your Southernness and how precious that might be to you—

Mr. Cribb: Well, I think my Southernness defines me to a considerable extent. It was a matter of consternation to my grandmother when she heard that I was going to Washington and Lee to undergraduate school. She thought it was up North. I said, "Grandmama, Virginia is not in the north, it seceded from the Union." She said: "Mighty darn late."

Southern Partisan: I heard your mother tell that story at a Sons of Confederate Veterans dinner.

Mr. Cribb: Did she? It's a true story. It's about her mother-in-law. And my grandmama, when I came home saying: "W&L this" and "W&L that," like everyone else who goes to Washington and Lee, my grandmother chastised me, she said —

Southern Partisan: "Yankees abbreviate."

Mr. Cribb: Exactly. And she continued: "If you must abbreviate, say: 'W and Lee.'" So I come by my Southernness quite honestly, through the blood.

Southern Partisan: What is the South to you?

Mr. Cribb: Richard Weaver said it is the last nonmaterialist society in the West. I think that Southern culture has a lot to tell us about what you do once you have human freedom. We contend, and we contend, and we contend over the question of human freedom; and

then after that long struggle, everything of ultimate importance is yet to be decided. The great questions that life asks presuppose human freedom. Therefore at the stage when you achieve freedom you have reached a threshold—a beginning not an ending.

The question of how to live honorably in respect to one's country, the question of how to live lovingly in respect to one's family, the question of one's relation to one's creator—these are questions that, if not answered by Southern culture, are questions informed by Southern culture.

Southern Partisan: So you think the South has a special distinctiveness, politically and

culturally?

Mr. Cribb: Yes.

Southern Partisan: And has a role in shaping our nationhood?

Mr. Cribb: Absolutely.

Southern Partisan: Well, I sure have enjoyed speaking with you this afternoon.

Mr. Cribb: Which issue are you heading for with this?

Southern Partisan: This will be an "election special." A cover story on the election. We've been a bit sensitive to the need to cover current issues since John Shelton Reed called us an "old musket."

Mr. Cribb: Ready to go off in the corner at any moment?

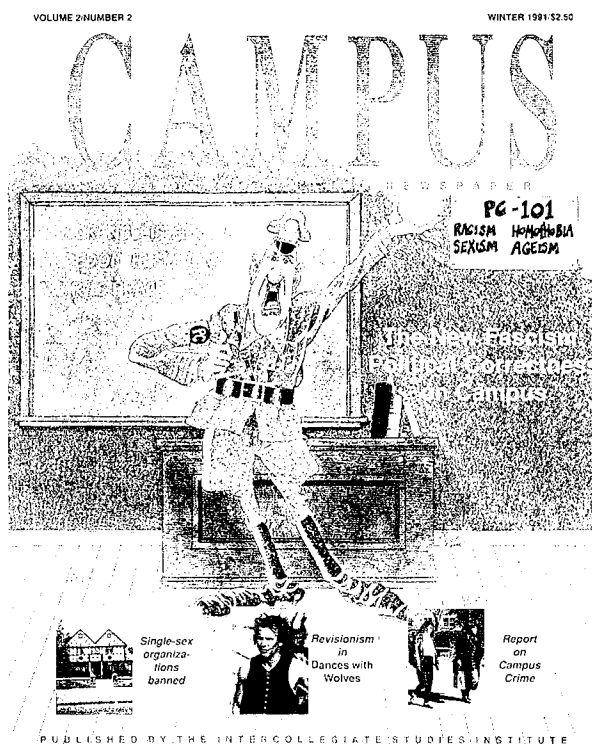
Southern Partisan: Yes. This time we want to do something a little more up to date, we want to cover an actual current event.

Mr. Cribb: Right.

Southern Partisan: So we're making a brave attempt at that. We don't do that too often.

Mr. Cribb: Now, don't you get too relevant on me!

Southern Partisan: Never. ✱



Ceremonies

By Robert Drake

I always liked ceremonies — weddings, graduations, recitals, elections, even funerals. And I never was sure why unless it all had to do with meaning: so much of life seemed to be just standing around waiting for something to happen, but ceremonies seemed to have an inherent significance — or else had one imposed on the raw material of experience — and they always meant.

They had shape, form, drama. Of course as a child such speculation would have been way beyond me, but I think now it all had something to do with that—especially drama.

One of my good friends is a celebrated football coach, whose name is surely a household word. And he told me once that the reason he liked going to the Episcopal Church (his wife was a member but he himself was still a Methodist) was that he liked all that “parading around” that took place up at the altar. To which I said, “Of course you like *drama*.” And he said yes, he supposed he did. And I replied that he certainly ought to: he was presiding over one of the biggest dramas in the world every Saturday afternoon in the fall. And he more or less assented.

But we all long for some sort of ceremonies, some sort of drama in our lives; we want things to *mean* even when we can’t put it into those words. I remember the death of a very dear cousin of mine in World War II: his plane was shot down, I think, by the Japanese—or perhaps it was just an accident, I can’t remember—just after peace had been concluded. And his body had already been buried in China before we were ever notified. But for some reason there was no funeral, no memorial service for him, and our grief just wore on and on. There seemed no way to wind it up (and a funeral certainly does that), and for months we seemed to be living in an anticlimax. And I know now that we *needed* a funeral, to signify that it was all over and done with and that *our* lives must go on. The

dead did have to bury the dead. But most of us—particularly us WASPS, I think—would find that very hard to put into words. Perhaps there’s still too much of the stiff upper lip about us. And of course ceremonies are one way of handling that: they channel and shape emotion so that it doesn’t get out of hand. And that’s one thing such folks want to avoid.

I remember once going to a service in Westminster Abbey commemorating the twentieth anniversary of the Battle of Britain, and there were high officers there from the services and also from the Crown: it was an “occasion” and a deeply moving one. But there wasn’t a tear to be seen; you could feel the great throbbing of emotion, though, but all shaped and formed (perhaps even masked) by ritual, by ceremony. And perhaps all the more meaningful. Was that one more thing that ceremonies did as well as explaining mystery through drama—make things bearable, acceptable that would otherwise have been devastating?

I know this will sound morbid to some people, but as a child I got introduced to the world of death and dying early on. I was the only child of middle-aged parents in a family where most of the adults were well along in age, and talk of sickness and death was quite common with them. And of course they had long memories (my paternal grandfather, whom I remember quite well, was a Confederate veteran, a Virginian who had been at Appomattox). And I went with my parents to funerals as a child. They were social events

too, with enough to eat and drink to last you the rest of your life; and of course you got to meet all your kinfolks, whom you would promptly forget till you saw them at the



next funeral.

But death was familiar, domestic. In our small town there was no hospital, so most people died at home in their own beds. And there was no funeral home either—just a furniture store which did undertaking as a side line. So the bodies were always brought back home from that establishment to “lie in state” overnight. (And that very phrase of course had the savor of ritual, even romance.) But the most dramatic thing about the funerals was of course the “procession” to the cemetery, which went right by our house. And my black nurse and I would sit out on our front steps (our house was on a bank, high up from the street) and speculate about the number of cars in the procession, the sumptuousness of the “floral tributes,” and the grief (if it was obvious) of the mourners. And right now I don’t remember many of the elders of my town as living persons, but I do

remember their respective funeral processions.

This of course will sound like gross morbidity to many people today, but is it really so different from the childhood “play” of holding funerals over dogs and cats, beloved pets though they may have been, or even mice or robins and sparrows? We strive to understand this greatest of all mysteries, and of course there’s no way to do it so we have to satisfy ourselves with its symbols, its drama, in so far as they can make it more meaningful. And of course as time has gone on, we’ve done our best to pretend that the whole thing doesn’t exist—“pass away” for die, “interment” for burial, all the euphemisms. I remember when I first learned that the “real” bur-

ial didn’t take place until the family and friends had left the cemetery: before that it was just all artificial grass and acres of flowers. But my mother told me it depressed people to see the real thing done, to hear the clods dropping on the coffin. And they would usually come back later to see it all, after the “real” burial had taken place. And I wondered then who they thought they were fooling. It was all a far cry from my father’s and uncles’ recollections of each of the men at the graveside taking his turn with the shovel till it was all over.

But anyhow that all comes from a time when death was domestic, normal, natural even—not like the “naturalness” which is now imputed to the body after the undertaker

has done his work, which is anything but “natural.” But I’ve written about all these things quite enough before now, and don’t really need to rehearse them any more except to say that it’s all done finally to try to cope with death, making it somehow more meaningful, bearable though I have my doubts about the modern customs which have supplanted the old ones in dealing with it. As I said, they most of them make it seem anything but natural.

But what about birth—the other great mystery, at the beginning of life? Well, of course, growing up in the thirties and forties and in the Protestant South, I rarely ever heard anything about babies until they actually arrived. It was still considered by some people somewhat indelicate to speak of them till they had actually put in an appearance. But children have eyes and ears and they know enough to ask questions, which is what I, as an only child, was more or less forced to do. (There were



no older brothers or sisters to hand on the information.) And so I remember once asking my mother

why so many babies were born in hospitals. And she replied that it all (and I never knew what "it all" stood for) usually made the mother so nervous and distressed that it was just better for her and the baby and everybody else for her to be in the hospital.

But of course I knew that was not all there was to it and in due course had to get the news from my classmates, along with a great deal of misinformation about the whole business. At least my mother's misrepresentation was a start: birth *was* dramatic though I had not then heard much about its hazards, what the *Book of Common Prayer* called "the great pain and peril of childbirth." Yes, it was dramatic—somebody completely new coming into the world, somebody who might even duly put the noses of his brothers and sisters out of joint. And the world for all of them would be rearranged. So it *was* fraught with meaning, even if you didn't quite understand the mechanics. But it too was a *cere-*

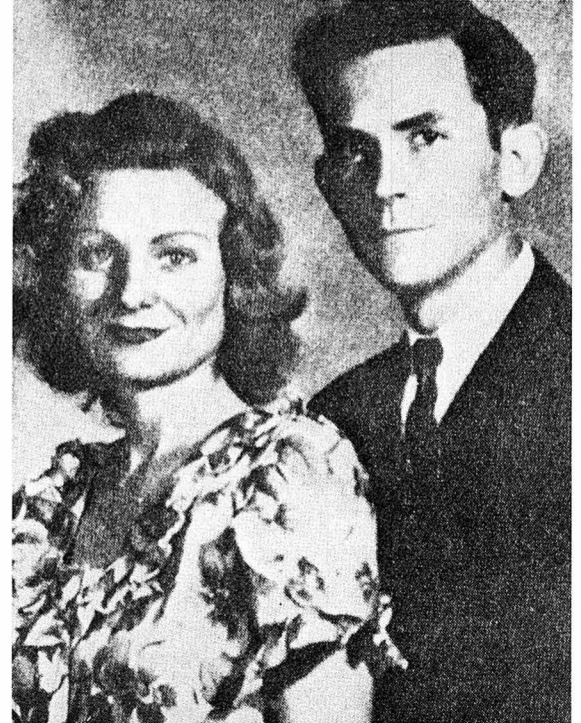


mony, a word I noticed my mother frequently used about mysteries that were obscured and confusing

but important. And perhaps it wasn't just all a euphemism: in a sense they were all, whether at birth, death, or whatever, trying to explain the inexplicable. But again I couldn't have known that until later. But in my earliest stories—I think particularly of "The First Funeral" in *Amazing Grace* and one or two others—I wrestled mightily with the problem—or rather my narrative persona did. In the same book I went on to take on the most familiar ceremony of all—marriage. And there's a story there, "The Bridegroom Cometh," which deals unabashedly with romance, matrimony, and all the rest. For most people, it was the most familiar "ceremony" there was: they even used the word freely in this case. My mother told me later that it was almost as helpful to her, when she tried explaining things to me,

as the word "customary." (Why did doctors and nurses always wear white? Well it was "customary," and for some reason that seemed to settle it. Maybe I wasn't an inquisitive enough child, didn't ask "why" often enough. But that word was the end of it as far as I was concerned: I didn't ask any more questions.) But anyhow the wedding that figured prominently in my life as an adolescent was that between my cousin (later killed in the war) and a girl from just over the line up in Kentucky. Her people were substantial and quite well to do, so there was a "big" wedding and all the trimmings—white veil, train, packed church, beautiful music, and

everybody all dressed fit to kill. And I didn't see how there could be much of life left for them or us or anybody else after it was all over: it was one of my first tastes



of anticlimax. But it was all like a picture show, a fairy tale, and we all thought—or at least I did though the Drakes were not much on "show" and "fixings"—it was all a dream come true. And I had a "crush" on the whole wedding—bride, groom, the whole lot. I hadn't yet read Carson McCullers' *The Member of the Wedding*; but when I finally did years later, I knew exactly what it was all about. I remember also seeing a movie called *First Love*, where Deanna Durbin got her first screen kiss—and from none other than Robert Stack—and at the end, instead of saying "The End," the final frame said "And they lived happily ever after." And of course that was the way I thought it ought to be, and the dream would be complete. Was that what ceremonies were for—for dreams? Well, perhaps not altogether but again they did arrange things—or rearrange things—into a pattern, a

design, and usually made them more acceptable, certainly more significant in the process. And weddings of course were mostly “good” dreams, happy dramas, though my cousin’s death made that one finally a “tragic” one—but none the less meaningful, perhaps even more so. Graduations had their place too, as ceremonies, even mysteries. And like other ceremonies, they involved wearing a particular costume—a cap and gown—not so glamorous as wedding apparel of course but still a symbol, a signification that something important (another rite of passage—another phrase I didn’t know till long after) was taking place. But one thing was always a puzzle. Why was the ceremony always called “commencement,” when really it marked the close of a certain part of one’s life and education? And again my parents had an explanation: it might be the end of one’s secondary education (maybe all he could manage if he couldn’t get to college) but it marked the beginning of his real life out in the world—what he proposed to do for his living, his work in the world. And so it was a *commencement*, a *beginning*, as he set out on his way through life. And then there were recitals, mostly piano programs and mostly peopled by girls (I think most boys regarded it all as something “sissified”—that’s why I sometimes got teased for taking lessons). And of course evening gowns were worn, the high school stage was made up to look like an elegant drawing room, and there were flowers galore. And everybody there was on his best behavior ever, to play his “piece” and be a credit to both teacher and parents, most of whom, especially the fathers, were there under duress. There were mysterious looking presents all

wrapped and deposited at each end of the stage—tokens of affection and congratulation from family and friends. And again this was another rite of passage: you had gotten through another year of battling with “the finer things” like Bach and Beethoven and Brahms and also of course with the piano teacher, who was probably a real



Dragon Lady, the kind that flourished—and may do so still—in the Southern small town in those days. One that I recollect from my own youth was a formidable one indeed: she made the girls in her class (she would have no boys) go through a rigorous resting program for weeks beforehand, denied them “stimulants” like novels and picture shows, (coffee and

tea were out of course), even indeed in one or two cases was said to have brought on “nervous prostration” in girls who didn’t already have nerves of steel. But her recitals were always finished performances, almost works of art: nobody ever fainted or failed and all lived to tell it at the end. Was that something else ceremonies, rituals, and all such were supposed to do—discipline the raw material of emotion and experience, even life itself into meaningful and manageable form? I was beginning to have some such idea. *Ceremonies*, I was beginning to understand, were things that *meant*, yes, but also things that got you over the big hurdles. Finally, there were elections, when you got to see “democracy in action”—or so the adults always told you. And once, when I was about five or six and my uncle was running for alderman, they allowed me to mark a ballot for him and put it in the ballot box along with my mother’s and father’s. I think I somehow knew right then that they really weren’t going to count my ballot, that somehow it was all a polite fraud, like maybe writing a letter to “Santa Claus/North Pole” which the post office passed on to whoever’s parents they suspected of complicity. Or again, that’s what I imagine now. Anyhow, elections came at stated intervals, and sometimes they were for just local officials, county officers, or even state positions. But every four years they involved the Presidency and something called the “electoral college,” which was always a great mystery. (It was like the issue of “free and unlimited coinage of silver” in the election of 1896, which I never did understand, but most of the teachers didn’t either, I think, and so would say, “This is all very difficult and

we'll just skip on over it till we come to Teddy Roosevelt." And though many people had problems with William Jennings Bryan and William McKinley, everybody seemed to understand old Teddy.) My parents both bemoaned the fact that politics was often "dirty," though my mother always added that of course it was "fascinating," something my father never said. But then in some ways I think she was always more sophisticated about worldly matters than he was: they were both very intelligent but in quite different ways. I remember one very hotly contested election when I was about twelve in which the county judge was retiring so there was a real race between a very bright young lawyer and a very much beloved old doctor for the position. And naturally I was on the young lawyer's side: he stood for modern times and youth and the future and everything else "progressive." But of course the old doctor had delivered God knew how many babies who were now old enough to vote and never turned any hard luck story down and doctored on people who didn't have a nickel to pay him with "on credit." And in many ways he was a fine old gentleman. But things got pretty dirty beforehand. I know the young lawyer's supporters put an advertisement in the local paper saying that if you wouldn't call a lawyer if you got sick, neither should you elect a doctor county judge. And I thought that was kind of low-down and wished the "good guys" hadn't resorted to such tactics. But the other side just went quietly along, counting on the old doctor's standing in the community; and he sailed right on to victory with little trouble. I was devastated, I remember. The good guys just didn't ever have a chance, did they? There would always be somebody like the old doctor (or

what we might now call a "good old boy") who would nose him out—and for all the wrong reasons: because he was a member of the old gang, because he was just generally liked or because he might lean over backward to give the little fellow the benefit of the doubt, something or other. But no, he had never had any education



for the law: it was not his profession. And the world just ought not to run that way. But when I said as much to my father, he told me that wasn't the way the world wagged and I would just have to learn to make the best of it. In many ways, he said, that was what democracy was all about—majority rule and the people as the ultimate source of power. And you mustn't always expect to have your side win, no matter how right you thought they were. That was just the way it was, the way of the world. Well, that's what growing up in a small town will do for you—teach you something about folks, something about the way of the world. And you learn that ceremonies are very important in helping to make it all work, perhaps even providing the lubrication. And you learn something about the great spider's web of kinship and acquaintance that knits it all together and more or less puts it all on an intelligible

basis. And perhaps kinship too is a form of ceremony. I don't sense much ceremony in great cities, where it's all so anonymous and impersonal—and perhaps the only ceremony being a more or less dog-eat-dog affair. (Always, you're told, avoid "eye contact" with people on the street or in the subway—in short, avoid looking your fellow man in the eye. *That* may be the ultimate urban ceremony—or lack of one—of our time.) In any case, nobody gives a damn about your kinfolks. Perhaps this is not all clear, even to me now. But I think it was some such perception as this—the interconnectedness of all things, what Conrad called the "unavoidable solidarity...which binds men to each other and all mankind to the visible world"—that gave me much of what I now know about the art of fiction. The shape, the form that fiction must always seek—and always find—in whatever it attempts, the significance, the coherence it must always work for and bring to us sooner or later—perhaps it all begins in an appreciation of ceremony, of drama. And I think I never knew it quite so well as when I realized that my small town background had prepared me for much of this—the "connections" in kindred, the cause and effect in actions, the sins of the fathers inexorably working themselves all the way out in successive generations until the world dramatized there is intelligible and whole in ways we can only begin to fathom about the one we actually live in. But that's what it's really all about—making sense. And that's finally what fiction, indeed all the arts, must always try to do. That of course and tell the truth. ✽

Robert Drake, an advisor to Southern Partisan, is a Professor of English at the University of Tennessee.

The Shenandoah Valley

by Michael Quane

The Shenandoah Valley is justly celebrated in song and story for the richness of its scenery and the wealth of its history. What's really amazing is that this treasure is also so affordable for today's budget-conscious explorers.

Easily accessible by north/south Interstate 81, and intersected by east/west arteries I-66 and I-64, the 200-mile stretch of valley from West Virginia's Eastern Panhandle, south to Roanoke, Virginia, is one of the South's most popular and affordable vacationlands. From exploring famous caverns to walking historic battlefields, or enjoying the breathtaking scenery along Skyline Drive and the Blue Ridge Parkway, the Shenandoah Valley offers a variety of activities. Many vacation accommodations, from campgrounds, reasonable-priced motels, to major-chain hotels and luxury resorts, are available to fit any budget.

For travelers entering the Shenandoah Valley from I-81 north, Martinsburg, West Virginia, offers a number of major factory outlet centers. Nearby is Harpers Ferry and the National Historical Battlefield Park and Charles Town, featuring year-round thoroughbred racing to complement its wealth of heritage. Just over the Virginia border is Winchester, "The Top of Virginia." Winchester is apple country and perhaps best known for the annual springtime extravaganza the Apple Blossom Festival, when parades, fairs and concerts honor the region's number one cash crop. You can join a celebration there in just about any season, however, some others being The Safe and Sane Fourth of July, The Old Town Hoe-Down and Apple Harvest Festival. Attractions of historic interest include the building which served as

George Washington's office during his surveying career, and in nearby Middletown, the Belle Grove Plantation, an 18th century mansion and farm which played a major role in the pivotal Battle of Cedar Creek during the War Between the States.

About forty miles south via I-81 is Strasburg, "The Antique Capital of the Blue Ridge." The Strasburg Emporium has over 50 antique shops, and you can spend a days worth of browsing under one roof. After shopping, treat yourself to a meal in the lovely Victorian era Hotel Strasburg. A new attraction in Strasburg is actually an old one, a battlefield, Hupp's Hill, site of another skirmish in the Battle of Cedar Creek. At nearby Front Royal is Skyline Caverns just a short distance from the northern entrance to Skyline Drive and

Shenandoah National Park. In the area also are two interesting wineries, North Mountain Vineyards and Winery in Maurertown, and Shenandoah Vineyards in Edinburg, both of which offer public tours. Further south and situated near I-81 is another of Virginia's underground wonders, Shenandoah Caverns.

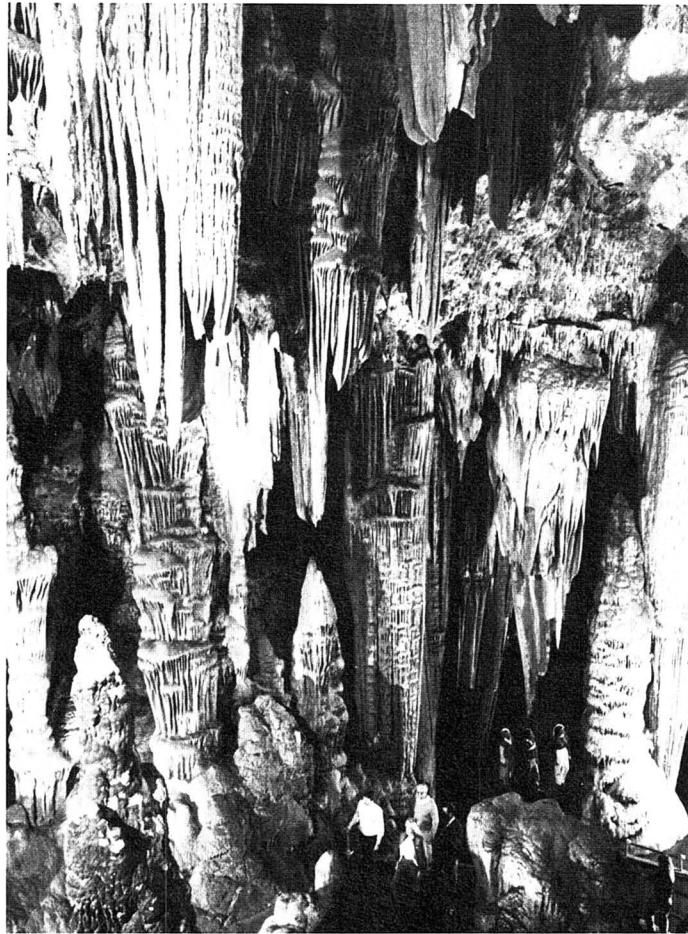
The Skyline Drive, which parallels I-81, follows the crest of the Blue Ridge Mountains through Shenandoah National Park south to Waynesboro. Named as one of America's loveliest roads, it has literally scores of scenic vistas



and strategically placed overlooks.

Also near the central entrance to the park is Luray, home of the famous Luray Caverns, an antique car museum, a Dinosaur Park and a Reptile Center as well. You can drive from Luray over the Massanutten Mountain to New Market, site of the battle in which the Virginia Military Institute cadets helped defeat a much larger Union force. The Hall of Valor at New Market Battlefield Historical Park commemorates this legendary fight and offers a film which recounts Stonewall Jackson's famous campaigns in the valley. Also on the battlefield grounds is the New Market Battlefield Military Museum with memorabilia from American military history from 1775 to the Gulf War. Nearby is an example of the area's many natural wonders, Endless Caverns.

Some twenty miles south of New Market is the college town of Harrisonburg, geographic center of the valley and home to James Madison University. After visiting the nearby scenic attractions of Natural Chimneys and Grand Caverns, you might want to go east to Elkton via route 33 and take the Skyline Drive to its southern terminus at Waynesboro, known for both its outlet shopping and its local arts shows. Just west is Staunton, a town with significant historic attractions, including the Woodrow Wilson Birthplace and Museum, the Museum of American Frontier Culture, memorializing the immigrant farmers from Eng-



land, Ireland, and Germany who settled the valley, and the Statler Brothers museum.

The next town is Lexington, one of the prettiest towns in the country. Lexington has taken care to preserve its pre-Civil War architecture, which can be enjoyed via a horse and buggy tour from the visitor center. Stops on the route include the Stonewall Jackson House, The Robert E. Lee Memorial in the chapel of Washington and Lee University, the campus of Virginia Military Institute and the General George C. Marshall Museum.

Fifteen minutes' drive south of Lexington is Natural Bridge, an imposing 214 foot high limestone arch surveyed by George Washington and once owned by Thomas Jefferson. The grounds include a river walk, a wax museum, a cavern tour, and an evening sound and light show at the arch. Following Natural Bridge, head straight up to the Blue Ridge Parkway for an hour-long drive to Roanoke, "Capital of the Blue Ridge." Roanoke is a city with charm, artfully preserving its heritage as a 19th century gateway to the west with a railroad museum, The Virginia Museum of Transportation, and the museums of history, science and art at its unique Center-in-the-Square.

Roanoke is the southern terminus of your drive down the valley, a vacation that will enrich your appreciation of the South's scenery and history, but without the loss of your fortune. ✱

Talkin', Spellin' and One-Room Schools

by Jesse Culp

One of my favorite things about our country is the way we talk. I wouldn't change it for anything, and I hope those good old words and phrases which have come up through the backwoods trails will never disappear from our lingo.

One thing that we country folks appreciate is good "vittles." Like "turnip sallit" (cooked with fatback) and "hop-pin' john." After a fellow "tanks up" on that kind of "vittles" he's about ready to lie down on a "pallet" and get some "shut eye." And such eating will cause "a-body" to "flesh-en up" and feel "right pert." Everybody knows that what some folks call



a sack is really a "poke," and that you "tote" things in it. Too much of this will soon get you "plumb tuckered out" or just plain "white eyed." And those first days of hard plowing in the spring will leave you "stove up" for a "spell." You probably won't find in medical texts the right terms for describing your health either. You may be feeling "po'ly," "tolerable" or just "fair to middlin'."

Many of our words and phrases are fascinatingly colorful and descriptive. "Catty cornered" is diagonal, and "spittin' image" is an exact copy. When you get hemmed in on both sides in a matter you are caught between "a rock and a hard place," and that's when you're liable to get flustered or "in a tizzie." Even mild-mannered folks sometimes get a "hankerin" to

use some strong language on occasions, and some—rather than cuss—have invented some borderline expressions like "plague take it" or "dad burn it." And when we're indebted to someone we're just plain "beholden" to them. If something's over there, we say "It's over yonder." Rather than pry an object loose we "prize" it loose.

We enjoy indulging in a few mispronunciations which have become colloquialisms—such as "kivvers" for covers, "toreckly" for directly (meaning soon), an "hope" for help. When a girl is unusually "purty" we describe her as "cute as a 'speckled pup.'" And when something is unusually hard to come by, we say it's as "scarce as hen's teeth." If someone "asts" you if you'd like a "cheer," you think of just pulling up a "cheer" and sittin' a spell. "Purt-near" means pretty near or just about. And on the other hand, a long distance is "a fur piece." "Rat cheer" means right near, as in "lay it rat cheer." "Auto" has nothing to do with a gas-guzzler. It means "should," as in "I auto go to work."

Back in the good old days folks used language that was more descriptive and understandable than our modern vernacular. Like "hawg meat," "tooth dentist," "ground peas" (for peanuts) and "widow woman." In fact, there were two different kinds of "widow women." A "grass widow" was one who had divorced her'n and a "sod widow" was one who had buried her'n. We had windows back in those days. But we called them "winders" or "winder lights." That was before cholesterol or viruses had been invented. So we just et all the hen aigs we wanted. and when we got sick, it was generally "pneumony fever," "gallopin' consumption," "epozudick" or just plain old "croup." We ate archtaters and sot on cheers. Dinner was around noon and supper was

about sundown. And when we had eaten all we wanted, we had had a "bait." Folks were always real friendly and neighborly, never failing to invite you to come see them. "You'uns come," they'd say (later shortened to "y'all come"). Or "foot my door sill," "come in and set a spell" or "come and take some vittles with us!"

See what I mean? I reckon we've just sort of fell down on our spelling and grammar and everything. Ever since we got shed of the Blue Back Speller! As I sit here typing this column on my electric typewriter, I'm thinking about how things have changed since the days when my mother and daddy went to school—learned to spell with the old Blue Back Speller and working out their arithmetic with chalk on slate. How many of you have ever seen a Blue Back Speller? This was a little paperback book that was the standard in schools in those days. It was used to teach spelling phonetically, and I continue to be amazed as I think of how effective it was. My mother attended public school through the equivalent of the third grade, and she could still out-spell me by the time I got to high school! I can remember that we still had her old dog-eared Blue Back Speller when I was growing up. It was kept —along with other relics—in our family trunk. But somehow, it was discarded and lost. Now, I'd give anything if I still had it as a keepsake.

And how many of you remember the little slates that students used to carry to school to work their lessons on? This was before the days of paper tablets, and I can also remember my mother's old slate which she saved for many years. Back in those days, every student had a slate, which was like a miniature blackboard with a wooden frame. Lessons were worked on it with chalk, and then erased with a rag.

Those were the days when students went to school in small one-teacher schools near home, and where the teacher would have students recite their lessons in the classroom—one grade at a time. Times were much less complicated then, and it was rare for young people to go through high school—much less graduate from college! The schools literally concentrated just on reading, writing and arithmetic. And when youngsters learned those basics they dropped out of school and started making a living for themselves and their families. The remainder of their learning was gained in the school of hard knocks.

One of the victims of progress in public education is the one-teacher school. And as I look back on some of its good points, I wonder if we have lost something in the demise of the one teacher school that we never have been able to regain in public education. My first five years in school were spent in a one teacher school with about 20 pupils. It was named Culp

School, because just about everybody who went to school there was a Culp or close kin to us. I learned my three R's from some of my own teaching kinfolks, and I never had any better teachers, from there all the way through college.

The school was about a mile from our home, and of course, I walked every day. This was quite an adventure, too, because there was a little branch of water which ran under a little bridge across the dirt road. And I generally took time to catch a few tadpoles or minnows, rig up a flutter mill, or chunk rocks into the water. The school building itself was a single room with a big pot-bellied stove right in the middle, in which there was always a roaring fire on cold winter days.

In those days it was a common practice for women teachers who were not married to "board" in a home in the community. The teacher was generally about the most "looked up to" person in the community, and it was considered quite an honor to have her stay in one's home, as well as a special asset to the children in that home, who had the advantage of being with her a lot of extra time.

While the school was under the jurisdiction of the county board of education, it was—for all practical purposes—really managed by the local school trustees, who were honored and respected in the community. I can't ever remember a time when a teacher was "called on the carpet" by a parent or the trustees for disciplining an unruly child. In fact, the trustees and parents as a whole firmly backed the teacher in this regard. It was a standing rule in our house that if we got a whipping at school, we could expect one twice as hard when we got home!

Each fall, before time for school to start, the men of the community would have a "working" at the school, to clean the grounds, make needed repairs, and cut plenty of firewood for the coming winter.

Because of changing population trends and changing patterns in public education, one teacher schools were closed in great numbers in the late thirties and early forties, a trend which was accelerated in the fifties. Certainly we have gained many fine things in facilities and teaching techniques in consolidating schools. But we have lost some of the closeness and interest between teachers, students and parents which were so valuable to all in the one teacher school. ✽

This selection is taken from The Good Ole Days by Jesse Culp, a country newspaper editor and broadcaster. The book is available for \$10.95 post paid from Mountaintop Press, Post Office Box 698, Albertville, Alabama 35950.

Good Fences Make Good Neighbors

by Mark Royden Winchell

A Review of:

Regionalism and Nationalism in the United States: The Attack on Leviathan

by Donald Davidson

Transaction Books, 1991, 368 pages, \$19.95.

August 18, 1993 will mark the centennial of Donald Davidson's birth. On April 25 of that year, he will have been dead a quarter of a century. During his lifetime Davidson was considered the most minor of the major Fugitives, and nothing has happened since his death to force a revision of that judgment. In a recent essay, M. E. Bradford noted that today when Davidson is discussed as poet, he is portrayed as "an anachronism" and belated romantic, merely a voice of nostalgia with no irony and no sense of the 'proper strategy for a poem.'" Those who consider his criticism point out that while Ransom, Tate, Brooks, and Warren were editing major literary quarterlies, Davidson largely confined his critical and editorial labors to the book page of the *Nashville Tennessean*. Finally, Davidson maintained an obstinate loyalty to the Agrarian faith when his Vanderbilt soulmates had moved on to other interests and other allegiances. Such is the conventional wisdom.

As Bradford has shown, however, this estimate of Davidson's poetry is at best incomplete. Much of Davidson's verse—particularly the poems written after 1950, were "works of great formal sophistication, craftsmanship, and

control of tone and texture, qualities that bespeak not nineteenth-century antecedents but rather an indebtedness to classical, Renaissance, and modern poetry of a decidedly unromantic nature." As for Davidson the critic, one need only read his discussion of Conrad in the April 1925 issue of the *Sewanee Review* to realize that he was doing applied new criticism earlier than any of the other Fugitives. (Cleanth Brooks has told me that he first realized the possibilities of criticism from hearing a graduate student read a paper Davidson had written on one of Kipling's stories.)

But what are we to make of Davidson's unreconstructed social and political views? Here the conventional wisdom is lacking not so much in accuracy as in judgment. His detractors are correct in branding Davidson a reactionary who was shaped by the prejudices of his age and region. But like others who hold fast to enduring principles, he was not only behind but also ahead of his time. By republishing Davidson's *Attack on Leviathan* (over half a century after its original appearance), Russell Kirk appeals to the unconventional wisdom of those willing to reexamine Davidson's Agrarian vision. In doing so, one can easily

see why this book is included in the Library of Conservative Thought.

By reversing Davidson's title and subtitle, Kirk emphasizes that this book is concerned with "Regionalism and Nationalism in the United States." As a collection of previously published essays, the volume tends to repeat itself in a manner that can be irritating to one reading it from cover to cover. But redundancy is simply the flip side of consistency. From first to last, Davidson believed in the virtue of regional variety and in the banality of cultural nationalism. Unlike the countries of Europe, America possesses a huge geography and a short history. Thus, we have always identified—indeed mythologized ourselves in terms of region. The War Between the States determined that politically we were one nation. (As Carl Sandburg has noted, that war was fought over a verb: prior to the war, treaties and other official documents said "the United States are"; afterwards, they read "the United States is.") But culturally we remain a diverse people.

Davidson represents that strain of conservative thought that sees culture as finally more important than politics. The subjugation of the South by the federal army was a military act with political consequences, but it did not impose an alien culture on the conquered territory. At their worst, the unionists were authoritarians interested only in political control. The totalitarian sensibility, however, insists on controlling the minds and hearts of people, as well. (In Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, it was not enough to obey Big Brother; one must also love him.) When this sensibility is linked with the

brute power of the police state, we have such abominations as Nazism and Communism. But totalitarianism can also wear a benign and genial face. This is what the Agrarians discerned in the false promise of industrialism so trenchantly denounced in *I'll Take My Stand*. In *The Attack on Leviathan*, Davidson takes on essentially the same enemy, this time wearing the guise of cultural nationalism.

Although Davidson passionately loved the Old South, he realized that its culture was not exportable to other regions of the country. He respected other regions enough to leave them alone, while demanding that they show similar deference toward the South. This belief in regional autonomy (what in political terms might be called states' rights or corporate liberty) inspired Davidson's frequently criticized opposition to federal efforts to force racial integration on the South. Those who charge that Davidson's belief in regionalism was inspired by his views on race simply have the priorities reversed. As Walter Sullivan recalls, Davidson told him that "when he first came to Vanderbilt, he was friendly with the black professors at Fisk University, met with them socially as well as professionally, but ceased his intercourse with them when the push for racial equality began. In his judgment, the civil rights movement was a vehicle for political upheaval."

Leviathan is the Hebrew name given to the sea monster of the Old Testament. It was not until 1651 that Thomas Hobbes used this term as a metaphor for the all-powerful civil state. What Davidson realized was that, like Hamlet's devil, this monster has the power to assume pleasing shapes. The Leviathan we face in twentieth century America is "the idea of the Great Society, organized under a single, complex, but

strong and highly centralized national government, motivated ultimately by men's desire for economic welfare of a specific kind rather than the desire for personal liberty."

What we have seen increasingly in American politics in the fifty-four years since the publication of Davidson's book is a contest over the care and feeding of Leviathan. To reverse this trend, we might well begin by heeding Davidson's eloquent call for cultural regionalism. There is more than a little truth to Mort Sahl's quip, over twenty years ago, that the only thing standing between America and fascism is Southern distrust of central government.

It is ironic that in our own day the rhetoric of multiculturalism has been appropriated by the special interest constituencies of the political Left. Feminists, ethnic minorities, sodomites, and other "victims" of the majority culture are demanding special recognition and privileged status. There is a crucial difference, however, between their agenda and Davidson's. Today's multiculturalists are advocating a dogmatic, unitary view of American life, one that can only be described as Europhobic. (As the Jesse Jackson led chant at Stanford would have it: "Hey ho, hey ho, Western Culture's got to go.") Davidson simply urged a tolerance for the folkways of organic communities. He was not interested in teaching the Leviathan to eat grits or to speak with a Southern drawl.

No Dixieland chauvinist, Davidson harbored a genuine affection for Americans from other regions. The most famous essay in his book *Still Rebels, Still Yankees* illustrates the cultural difference between New England and the Deep South in the characters of "Brother Jonathon" and "Cousin Roderick." As different as these exemplary figures were, Davidson

found much to admire in each. And he knew them both intimately. For most of his adult life, he spent the academic year in Nashville and his summers at the Broad Leaf School in Vermont. As an Agrarian, he felt a spiritual kinship with the rural people of New England. Industrialism was a threat not just to the South but to the Jeffersonian ideal of America as a nation of small landowners. The modifier in the title of Davidson's essay may refer not just to endurance but to the civil restraint that makes endurance possible. This was the sort of ideal that his New England friend Robert Frost had in mind when he said, "Good fences make good neighbors."

It has been argued that the Civil War was a conflict between the abstract principles of the North and the concrete loyalties of the South. What this amounts to is two distinct concepts of liberty. Lincoln conceived liberty as a kind of Platonic ideal to be pursued by a benevolent central government and enforced, if need be, at the point of a bayonet. This ideal had led in our own time to an interventionist foreign policy and a welfare state that consumes a quarter of the gross national product. The alternative is to discard the Platonic ideal and to see liberty as the accommodation people make for each other in actual communities. Not only is the federal government not needed to enforce this kind of liberty, but its presence is a positive impediment to civic peace. Saint Augustine defined a people as "a gathering of many rational individuals united by loved things held in common." Donald Davidson believed that it was in the regions of our nation that its people were to be found. ✻

Mark Royden Winchell teaches English at Clemson University and is writing a biography of Cleanth Brooks.

The Swing Region

by Joseph Scotchie

A Review of:
The Vital South
by Earl Black and Merle Black
Harvard, 1992, 400 pages, \$29.95.

"You get a bayonet in your back with the national Democrats and you get a bayonet in your back with the national Republicans."

—George Wallace, 1968.

With its colorful politicians, it volatile, feisty electorate and as the target of great debate and Federal intervention, the South has been central to the drama of American politics for the past 60 years. And as this book colorfully illustrates, American politics would be pretty dull indeed without the presence of the Southern states on the scene.

Most of *The Vital South* centers around the dramatic evolution of Dixie from the most Democratic region of the nation to the most solidly Republican one.

The authors argue that the South has held its preeminent national status since the Roosevelt election in 1932.

Throughout the years, FDR's popularity remained legendary, then came the 1940s and the first cracks in the Democratic Solid South. By then, several landslide victories began convincing national Democrats that the South no longer was vital to its strategy and therefore, the region should also

no longer hold veto power over vice presidential nominees or federal civil rights policy.

In 1944, FDR was set to nominate South Carolina's respected statesman James F. Byrnes for the vice presidency, only to be vetoed by a labor leader and a New York City Democratic boss. Then in 1948, urged by its restless liberal wing, the Democrats took the plunge on federal civil rights legislation, passing a civil rights plank over the South's objection. Advisors to President Truman had earlier assured him that such a change in direction would not alienate the South and the region would stay "in the bag."

Wrong.

What came next was "The White Revolt from the Deep South" and the candidacies of Strom Thurmond, Barry Goldwater and George Wallace. When it was all over with, the Democrats vaunted FDR coalition was shattered for good and the era of Republican dominance had begun.

Southern Republicans have played an enormous role in the recent fortunes of the GOP, providing a large share of delegates to its conventions and moving the party sharply toward the right by emphasizing low taxes, limited

government, anti-Communism and social issues such as school prayer and abortion. Southern Republicans played a key role in nominating Barry Goldwater in 1964, combining with the Western states to wrestle the party away from the East Coast establishment.

The fortunes of Ronald Reagan were similarly determined by the South. In 1976, with his challenge to Gerald Ford lagging, Reagan won life-saving primary wins in North Carolina, Texas, and Georgia.

Since 1968, the South has been the centerpiece of the GOP's electoral college lock and has replaced the Western states as the most Republican region of the country. Nixon, Reagan, and Bush have all run substantially stronger in the South than in all other regions of the country. For instance, Mr. Bush won 54 percent of the national popular vote in 1988, but he easily carried the South with 60 percent of the tally.

So there's the lesson of the book. The Solid South exists. The region remains conservative on fiscal and social issues. And woe onto the party which either ignores that conservatism or takes its electorate for granted. For as the Democrats know all too well, the South's conservative voters will move en masse from one party to the next if the platform is right.

And so as this volatile political year evolves, the question is: has the GOP really deserved its good fortune?

For all the positive developments of modern conservatism—victory in the Cold War, a modest tax revolt—the movement has been shattered by the apostasy of the Bush Administration.

Its failures are well-known:

massive tax hikes, skyrocketing domestic spending, quota legislation, a budding liberal on the Supreme Court (something every modern Republican president has given us).

While Mr. Bush has held the line on the key issue of abortion, the discontent of Southern conservatives must run deep. In the modern era, no native Southerner has yet appeared on a Republican national ticket; cabinet positions staffed by Southerners have been few and far between; during the Reagan-Bush dynasty no white Southerner has been nominated for the Supreme Court.

Adding insult to injury, the Bush Justice Department has spent the past several years dragging Southern states into court for alleged voting rights violations (a form of federal interference that caused the Deep South revolt decades earlier) and waging an idiotic, mean-spirited War of Beltway Aggression against the all-male policies of Virginia Military Institute—Stonewall Jackson's school. For all the Administration's rhetoric about "choice" in education, the region's public schools remain firmly under federal control.

As Mr. Wallace said, "You get a bayonet in your back..."

So the South remains at a political crossroads. History has repeated itself during the dismal Bush years. Just as the Democrats in the 1940s were sure the South was "in the bag," so do Republicans in the 1990s confidently contend the conservative South has nowhere to go.

But like the New Deal Democrats, the Bush Republicans have received a few jolts of their own. First, the Patrick Buchanan insurgency shot holes in Mr. Bush's conservative base and the brief Ross Perot phenomenon highlighted widespread discontent with the Bush Administration.

Now the Clinton-Gore ticket

takes the much ballyhooed "Southern strategy" one step further and shows the Democrats may be slowly waking up after suffering a long string of humiliating defeats by various GOP tickets.

The Clinton-Gore ticket may not be enough to crack the Republican's lock on the South, but unless they give up their big government conservatism and stop meddling in the affairs of the Southern states, the GOP may one day look back on the years from 1968-1992 as a lost opportunity to gain the region's allegiance on all office-holding levels.

As the authors remind us, it is still possible for the Democrats to win back the South. But there are large differences between Jimmy Carter's successful run and Bill Clinton's campaign. Carter had to run against George Wallace—still the region's political hero in 1976—and the former Georgia governor had the tricky task of defeating Wallace without offending his supporters and winning over the black vote as well. Clinton, on the other hand, only had to knock off rather lightweight competition from Paul Tsongas and Jerry Brown.

But there are fewer Republican senators and congressmen in the South than there were in 1981. Southern state legislatures—without question the most conservative in the nation—are still dominated by Jeffersonian Democrats and in some respects are more conservative than Republicans in Washington, D.C. How can a Democrat win back the South? Maybe the Clinton people ought to look at an old Carter ad, described by campaign advisor Pat Caddell as "waving the bloody Rebel Flag":

On November 2, the South is being readmitted to the Union. If that sounds strange, maybe a southerner can understand. Only a southerner can understand years of coarse, anti-southern

jokes and unfair comparison. Only a Southerner can understand what it means to be a political whipping boy...It's like this: November 2 is the most important day in our region's history. Are you going to let the Washington politicians keep one of our own out of the White House?

After all, the Democrats don't have much to lose.

Four years ago, Assistant Editor Richard Hines wrote (*Southern Partisan*, Volume VIII, Number 1) that, after the 1988 elections, the region needed to "find its political identity."

That hasn't happened in 1992, but the year has produced a candidate who perhaps comes the closest yet to the region's conservative principles.

As everyone knows, Patrick Buchanan opposed higher taxes, large deficits, quotas, busing. He has talked sense on immigration, trade and foreign aid. Beyond that, he promised to end the long federal intervention in the affairs of the Southern states. "After 27 years, it is time to let the South out of the penalty box," he said in a Duke University speech in the spring.

Mr. Buchanan ran stronger against George Bush in several Southern states than Mr. Bush himself ran against Ronald Reagan in 1980—and we all know how Mr. Bush fared in 1988.

In era of liberal/conservative "bipartisanship" on congressional pay raises, the S & L scandal, quota legislation and tax-and-spend budgets, the South has been unable to find its political identity. By 1996 Republican primaries with Buchanan, Phil Gramm, Dan Quayle, Jack Kemp, Bill Bennett and others vying to capture the conservative movement will signal a new era in the continuing struggle for the vital South. ✱



Southern SAMPLER

ON LEE THE HUSBAND

A more upright and conscientious Christian never lived.

— Mary Anne Randolph Custis Lee

ON EFFICIENCY

Efficiency and charm are mortal enemies.

— Richard Weaver

ON THE SLAVERY AMENDMENT

No amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give to Congress the power to abolish or interfere, within any State, the domestic institutions thereof...

— Proposed Amendment 13, passed by Congress, March, 1861, failed of ratification by the states.

ON A GENTLEMAN'S CONDUCT

...among the refined, virtue with women and honor with men are more valuable than life.

— A New Orleans Dueling Code

ON THE RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS

Firearms stand next in importance to the Constitution itself.

— George Washington

—compiled by William Freehoff

Anguished ENGLISH

by Richard Lederer

A collection of fluffs and flubs, goofs and gaffes, boners and boo boos

The following selections are from high school English teacher Richard Lederer's book *Anguished English: An Anthology of Accidental Assaults Upon Our Language*. All are untouched by any professional humorist.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

On October 13, 1944, the Durham, North Carolina Sun reported that a Durhamite had been brought before a Judge Wilson in traffic court for having parked his car in front of a sign that read "No Stopping."

Rather than pleading guilty, the defendant argued that the missing letter in the sign meant that he had not violated the letter of the law. Brandishing a Webster's dictionary, he noted that stopping means "extracting ore from a stope or, loosely, underground."

"Your Honor," said the man, "I am a law-abiding citizen, and I didn't extract any ore from the area of the sign. I move that the case be dismissed."

Acknowledging that the defendant hadn't done any

illegal mining, the judge declared the man not guilty and commented, "Since this is Friday the 13th, anything can happen, so I'll turn you loose."

"No Stopping" is a blunderful example of the suspect signs and botched billboards that dot the American landscape. Here are some other signs that need to be resigned:

- At restaurant-gas stations throughout the nation: Eat here and get gas.
- On the wall of a Baltimore estate: Trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
— Sisters of Mercy.
- On a long-established dry cleaning store: Thirty-eight years on the same spot.
- On a New York loft building: Wanted: Woman to sew buttons on the fourth floor.
- On a display of "I Love You Only" Valentine cards: Now available in multi-packs.
- On a shop: Our motto is to give our customers the lowest possible prices and workmanship.
- In a funeral parlor: Ask about our layaway plan.
- On the grounds of a private school: No trespassing without permission.
- On a Tennessee highway: Take Notice: when this sign is under water, this road is impassable.
- On the grounds of a private school: No trespassing without permission.
- In the offices of a loan company: Ask about our plans for owning your home.

Richard Lederer's book, *Anguished English* is published in the South by Wyrick and Company, 12 Exchange Street, Charleston, South Carolina 29402.

A World With Heroes

by Bryant Burroughs

A Review of:

The Men I Have Chosen for Fathers: Literary and Philosophical Passages
by Marion Montgomery. University of Missouri Press, 1990, 250 pages,
\$24.95.

Marion Montgomery has spent twenty-five years interpreting the Southern tradition to a generation now more than a century and a quarter removed from the great War. This latest collection of essays stands with M. E. Bradford's *Remembering Who We Are* and Andrew Lytle's *From Eden to Babylon* as the finest presentations of what it means to be Southern at the end of the twentieth century.

Writing from Crawford, Oglethorpe County — "a small Georgia town in a sparsely populated county" — Montgomery summons fathers who give witness to the universal nature of the Southern vision. Agrarian Stark Young wrote in 1930 that "we defend certain qualities not because they belong to the South, but because the South belongs to them." In other words, we adhere to the Southern tradition because the principles it embodies are intrinsic to the place of man within the creation of God.

Such a view of the South is not provincialism, which Allen Tate defined as a state of mind in which "men lose their origin in the past and its continuity into the present, and begin every day as if there had been no yesterday." Rather, Montgomery argues that a person who

plants roots deep within a tradition whose orientation is universal, ultimately taps into universal truth. By contrast, one who rejects tradition by failing to connect reality with forefathers, family, and faith, cannot discover truth at journey's end.

Yet this is precisely the path modern man insists upon treading. Caught up in an illusion that the human intellect is the sole arbiter of reality, modern man has dislocated himself from a traditional understanding of man's place in the universe. Man is, in Montgomery's analysis, a "secular Puritan" who insists that reality is created by each individual purely on the basis of self-interest, and that right and wrong not only do not matter, but do not exist.

Having lost belief in any reality separate from his own "marooned awareness," modern man confuses himself with God and arrogates to himself the role of Creator. The consequences of serving "that aberrant modern god, the Self" are profound. The first consequence is that the new god, like all gods before it, is a jealous god, and dismisses all competitors with disdain. For this reason its adherents in government, education, and the media are engaged in a deconstruction of reality, which Mont-

gomery describes as "a deliberate exorcism of the spiritual from creation." The result is that religious discussion is banished from classrooms and public debate.

The second consequence of the "new idolatry" is that man is required to commit what Montgomery describes as a "gnostic act of faith," by which he means that man must express false confidence in his ability to order reality. While denying the existence of absolutes, modern man asserts himself as the new absolute. He denies with certainty that which has marked Western civilization for two millennia.

Montgomery summons men to remember "certain principles as central to the meaning of individual and community life, however much distorted and obscured those principles have been by the forces of modernism." For Montgomery these principles are anchored in the Southern tradition, in which "the intimacies of person and place" can provide the recovery that would lead men back to reality. Therefore, this book presents "particles of past ideas" from Southern writers such as Flannery O'Connor, Richard Weaver, Cleanth Brooks, and Allen Tate, but interspersed throughout are the teachings of Socrates and Solzhenitsyn, Augustine and Aquinas, T. S. Eliot and C. S. Lewis, Plato and Aristotle. These give testimony to the universal nature of the Southern tradition, because they share "a common concern about Western civilization, out of their understanding of man's nature in society."

The first of Montgomery's chosen fathers was a woman. Flannery

Continued on Page 54

Tracking the Bird of Adventure

by Tracy Lee Simmons

A Review of:

***Gateway to Heaven* by Sheldon Vanauken**
Richelieu Court, 1991.

Gateway to Heaven abides as the only published fiction of Virginian Sheldon Vanauken's influential works. Best known as the author of his award-winning memoir *A Severe Mercy*, Vanauken has also published *Under the Mercy*, *The Glittering Illusion* (in which he examines English sympathy for the Confederate cause), and a volume of poetry, *Mercies*.

Although Vanauken shuns the modifier "Christian" before his rightful designations of poet, novelist, or just plain writer, he's not likely to escape his reputation. But there's another aspect to Vanauken's writing that gets less notice: he is a Southern writer. His is a conservatism of the best kind: conservative because deeply and passionately aware that there is something endangered worth conserving. *Gateway to Heaven* is a novel without a category. It's not a romance novel, though there's ample romance in it; it's not an adventure novel, though it contains many adventures. It must suffice to say that it's a novel, simply, with the relatively unconventional device of the entire story being told through journal entries and letters of the young husband and wife, Richard and Mary Vallance. A crisis in their marriage has forced

Richard to take a methodical look back at their years together. He writes letters to Mary and delves into the journal that these two intellectually lithe and joyful people had kept jointly where they recorded their adventures and reflections that he might go forward into the future armed with sharper vision. We go along on their adventures and share their sensations. Thus we learn about the characters as they respond to each new experience. It might even be said that the central character is neither Richard nor Mary, but their marriage.

Yet *Gateway* is also free of ponderous didacticism. It's a story of human experience with an emphasis—one most welcome—on the spiritual dimension while never neglecting the world of the sensuous in their surroundings. The title of the book as not as enigmatic as it might be. For what they seek, ultimately, is Heaven: harmony and home and love. In almost everything they look for glimpses of the eternal and the lasting. This novel is filled with the joy of aspiring souls. "I think people sort of create their lives by what they search for," Mary says. Such a search lends a lightness to the story, despite our cognizance of the trouble in which they find themselves

as the story begins—a turning point alluded to in the letters interspersed between the long passages of their journal, sending small tremors through even some of the most brisk and radiant passages. But if suspense and romantic longing is not enough to keep some readers turning the pages, they will find much in the writing itself to recommend their attention.

Gateway also stands apart from its contemporaries in being a story of love and desire shorn of the obligatory trappings of obsessive lust and pseudo-love. The realm of sex is just one more where the couple try to achieve a sensible equilibrium and perspective. Vanauken neither preaches nor validates here: he merely observes with sane detachment. "If one makes sexual desire the only thing," Richard says, "it's the way to ensure—absolutely ensure—that no relationship will last."

Vanauken reminds us in *Gateway to Heaven* that the best life, the life lived well, is the life lived with risk and a questing spirit. It is built up and protected. Speaking of the "bird of Adventure," Mary says that it descends only to "people who are infinitely receptive and welcoming to it." And Richard and Mary muse upon the revolutionary idea that just maybe we contribute more to the sum of happiness in the world by being happy ourselves; most of all, Vanauken reminds us of the very possibility of happiness. Tend thy gardens. Bail thy boats when flooded. But keep an eye to the glimmering horizon. ✽

Tracy Lee Simmons is a writer living in Washington, D.C.

The Forgotten Conflict

by Frank Lawrence Owsley, Jr.

A Review of:

Amateurs to Arms! A Military History of the War of 1812

by John R. Elting Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill, \$24.95

This work is the most recent publication dealing with the military history of the War of 1812. Colonel Elting's title sets the theme of his book, showing in incident after incident the lack of preparedness of the United States as well as the poor training and quality of the American officer corps during the early part of the conflict. The author describes the gradual development of some competent leaders who were eventually able to contain the British buildup in Canada, forcing them to seek their objectives in other areas, such as the attacks on Washington, Baltimore, and New Orleans.

Colonel Elting's accounts of naval actions on the Great Lakes are well done on the whole. His obvious distaste for Issac Chauncey is perhaps a bit overdone. Elting suggests that Chauncey and his army opposite number, George Izard, were good "organizers and administrators, not fighting men." (page 264) Whether Chauncey was a good

fighting man or not, he managed to hold his forces together on Lake Ontario, thus preventing the British from using it as an invasion route. This was, after all, his mission. Elting may also have overestimated British strength on the Great Lakes. The best British officers tried to avoid Lake duty because it afforded little if any prize money, and a large percentage of British crews serving on Lake duty were landsmen, usually Canadian militia.



Accounts of the land battles on the Canadian border and the Washington-Baltimore actions are

accurate and interesting. Elting's knowledge of the background of individual commanders and units adds a rich depth to these accounts. One problem most military historians have is a tendency to get so bogged down in detail of unit movement and individual action that the reader loses sight of the battle's strategic objective. While there is considerable detail in this book, Elting has on the whole done an excellent job of keeping his reader focused. Accounts of the Battle of Bladensburg and the attack on Baltimore are exceptionally well done. Colonel Elting's footnotes contain very good explanations of both actions and comments on the actions, but, unfortunately, some of these footnotes are very incomplete as citations of sources. As a matter of fact, in some parts of the book very few of the sources are actually cited.

The weakest portion of the work is the war in the South and the New Orleans campaign. Many of the author's sources for the war in the South are not mentioned in the footnotes. He has, however, provided a fairly complete bibliographical essay in which he cites a number of works. Unfortunately, many works on which he depended are old and, in some cases, replaced by newer scholarship. For example, in his account of General Andrew Jackson, Elting's main

Continued on Page 54

Book Notes

Bloody Dawn: The Story of the Lawrence Massacre
by Thomas Goodrich.
Kent State University Press, 1991,
207 pages.

Just after dawn on a bright Kansas morning in August 1863, 400 dirty, well-armed horsemen charged into Lawrence, the "fairest city in Kansas." They carried vengeance in their hearts and a list of names in their shirt pockets. When they rode out at high noon, Lawrence was in flames and 300 citizens lay dead.

Thomas Goodrich ably describes the decade of guerrilla warfare that followed passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill in 1854. Fueled by fanatics from both North and South, hatred and violence reigned along the border between Kansas and Missouri. After the opening of the war, "jayhawkers" from Kansas marched under the Stars and Stripes in raids against pro-Southern settlers in western Missouri. They were led by Senator Jim Lane, who implored the jayhawkers to "destroy, devastate, desolate." Murdering, burning, and stealing, the jayhawkers made western Missouri a blackened hell.

Missouri fought back with a small Southern army under Sterling Price and a few "bushwhackers," called by Federals "those devils in the bush." But the jayhawkers were too numerous. In August 1863, General Orders No. 10 dictated the forced removal of the families of all suspected bushwhackers from Western Missouri. Men, women, and children were herded to prison prior to passage

downriver to Arkansas. On August 13 the roof of a dilapidated Kansas City jailhouse collapsed, crushing and crippling many women of bushwhacker families.

Their men swore vengeance: revenge for the death of wives and mothers and sisters in Kansas City and revenge for the black desolation of western Missouri. The 400 horsemen who rode into Lawrence on August 20 were led by William Quantrill, included Bill Anderson, George Todd, Cole Younger, and Frank James, all men who had lost family to Kansas jayhawkers. Fortified by whiskey and hate, they stole all the town's valuables, murdered over 300 men in front of wives and children, and torched the entire town. One survivor said after the riders had left: "It has come, and they have had their revenge."

The Lawrence Massacre was a morning of unspeakable horror. But it was given birth by years of atrocities against pro-Southern settlers in Western Missouri. As Goodrich writes with chilling finality: "The Missourians had finally gotten among those they hated most, and no power on earth could stop them now."

—Bryant Burroughs

Turning Right: The Making of the Rehnquist Supreme Court
by David G. Savage.
John Wiley and Sons, 1992, 473 pages,
\$22.95.

Twice this century an American president has reshaped the Supreme Court. Franklin Roosevelt appointed a record nine justices in twelve years, replacing a court he derided as the "nine tired old men" who were invalidating New Deal legislation. A generation later, Ronald Reagan and George Bush have appointed six justices who comprise a solid conservative majority that has reversed or restricted many liberal precedents.

David Savage, the Supreme Court reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*, has written *Turning Right*, the first history of this conservative judicial revolution. It is a revolution accomplished through bold strategy and brilliant selections. Determined to avoid the mistakes of previous Republican presidents who had appointed liberal justices, President Reagan created a core group within the Justice Department to develop a list of potential candidates for the Supreme Court. This strategy developed a pool of young conservative judges, so that as liberal Supreme Court justices retired, replacements were ready: Sandra Day O'Connor in 1981; Antonin Scalia in 1986 when William Rehnquist was promoted to chief justice; Anthony Kennedy in 1987; David Souter in 1990; Clarence Thomas in 1991.

Through the use of interviews with justices and dozens of their former clerks, Savage probes inside the marble cloister of the Supreme Court, even into the dark wood-paneled conference room in which the nine justices gather on Wednesdays and Fridays to discuss and vote on cases. Savage adeptly translates complex constitutional conflicts into non-technical language, and presents the stories of the people behind the cases.

Although he considers the new conservative majority to be a tragedy, David Savage has captured the history of a breathtaking judicial revolution that has restored the Supreme Court to its constitutional moorings.

—B.B.

Glorious Contentment: The Grand Army of the Republic, 1865-1900.
by Stuart McConnell.
UNC Press, 1992, 312 pages.

The Grand Army of the Republic was founded in 1866 by Union vet-

erans for whom the camaraderie of the campfire and the terror of the battlefield marked the exhilarating moment of life. The GAR grew into the largest and most influential veterans organization, with over 400,000 members in 1890, and helped institute many patriotic measures, including Flag Day, the Pledge of Allegiance, and the practice of standing for and singing the words of the national anthem.

But the GAR had a darker side. Led by unscrupulous, power-hungry men such as chief founder John Logan, the GAR became the most powerful political lobby of the age. The GAR initiation ritual included a promise to vote for members of the organization, and even as late as 1890 one of every ten eligible voters in the United States was a Union veteran. This political power enabled the GAR to demand unprecedented pension claims, masked by patriotic appeals that "the boys in blue" who had saved the Republic deserved protection in old age.

With the aid of the GAR lobbying during the heated pension debates of the 1880s and 1890s, Congress passed a series of service pension and dependent pension bills that provided payment to any Union veteran who had served at least 90 days and who suffered from any disability. Disability was so broadly defined as to exclude no one.

The GAR then campaigned for "correct" war history. The GAR mythology—that the Union cause was "eternally right," that the war with the South was fought on principle, and that victory had ushered in a millennial reign of peace—was required teaching in the public schools. By 1900 a GAR committee deemed public school history text books to be "satisfactory."

Stuart McConnell reveals the Grand Army of the Republic to be a powerful veterans organization that became corrupted by its lead-

ers and consumed by its passions.

—B.B.

Sherman: Merchant of Terror, Advocate of Peace.

by Charles Edmund Vetter.

Pelican Publishing, 1992, 347 pages.

Nearly 130 years after he vowed to march to the sea and "make Georgia howl," Union General William Tecumseh Sherman is remembered throughout the South as a demon who brought war and starvation to a defenseless people. Charles Edmund Vetter has written for the purpose of redeeming Sherman's character, but instead reveals the general to be both mistaken and cruel.

Despite spending much of his pre-war army career stationed in the South, Sherman failed to understand the Southern people, who fought for home and hearth against a North that would destroy their way of life. Sherman instead bitterly blamed the South for having "plunged a nation into war—dark and cruel—who dared and badgered us to battle, insulted our flag, seized our arsenals and forts..." The week before burning a sixty-mile wide swath across Georgia, he wrote a former friend in Baltimore that the South had "bantered and bullied" the North into war.

His cruelty grew from this mistake. Sherman wanted the people of the South to feel the full weight of the war and end it. The charred remains of Jackson, Meridian, Atlanta, and Columbia gave black testimony to his vow to "teach Southerners that war was terrible and peace beautiful, that rebellion meant ruin, while obedience to law meant, in the end, prosperity." He considered his armies to be "not only fighting hostile armies, but a hostile people, and must make old and young, rich and poor, feel the hard hand of war."

Vetter considers Sherman's strategy of total war to be correct because twentieth century commanders have pursued the same strategy. But appealing for confirmation to the most barbaric of centuries is not persuasive. More telling is the observation by Confederate statesman Judah Benjamin that Union commanders and soldiers could not help but act as they did: "If they had been capable of acting otherwise, they would not have been Yankees, and we should never have quarrelled with them."

—B.B.

States Rights Gist: A South Carolina General of the Civil War

by Walter Brian Cisco.

White Mane Publishing, 1991, 198 pages, \$27.95.

Confederate General States Rights Gist was born in the watershed year of 1831, a year in which William Lloyd Garrison launched his militant abolitionist newspaper, *The Liberator*, and Nat Turner led a slave revolt in which over fifty white Virginians were slaughtered. Gist's father, a prominent planter in South Carolina and a proponent of John Calhoun's politics, made his seventh son a living political statement.

After a privileged childhood on the plantation "Wyoming," States graduated with honors from South Carolina College and completed his law studies at Harvard. He settled into life as an attorney and joined the militia that South Carolina began building in preparation for secession from the Union. Gist rapidly rose in rank to Brigadier General at age 24, and led the reform movement that trained the state's citizen-soldiers into a well-drilled fighting force.

South Carolina called on Gist as war clouds gathered. Following Lincoln's election, Gist carried letters from the governor of South

Carolina inviting other Southern states to join in secession. He was selected to command South Carolina's defenses but, realizing that the war's first major battle would be fought in Virginia, he shed his state rank to serve as a colonel on General Bernard E. Bee's staff. On Henry Hill at First Manassas, Gist rallied troops demoralized by Bee's death, and led the regiment that blunted the Federal attack.

Gist was awarded with a Confederate brigadier's stars and sent west, where from Chickamauga to Franklin he won commendation for his hard-hitting brigade and his personal coolness under fire. Although he frequently commanded a division in battle, he was denied promotion to major general by the politics that wrecked the Army of Tennessee. He was killed bravely leading his men against entrenched Union defenses at Franklin.

For too long, States Rights Gist has been noted only as the general with the unique name. Walter Brian Cisco has revealed the eloquent, brilliant, and respected young Southerner behind the name.

—B.B.

The Civil War Sourcebook: A Traveler's Guide.

by Chuck Lawliss.

Harmony Books, 1991, 308 pages, \$18.00.

Chuck Lawliss discovered the Civil War as a young boy by finding a battle-worn kepi in his attic. The kepi, which belonged to a great-grandfather provoked a life-long study of the war. This unique book is the product of many years spent roaming battlefields, libraries, and museums, and was written to help others "discover and relive the Civil War experience."

The opening chapter presents a chronology of the war. Then Lawliss introduces the many

Northern and Southern armies, and presents brief biographies of military and civilian leaders from both sides. The heart of the book is a state-by-state listing of battlefields, historic homes, museums, monuments, and other interesting sites. Lawliss provides a description and history of each site, along with valuable details such as the hours that the site is open and highway driving instructions. Interspersed are descriptions of restaurants and inns that merit a visit.

Another section contains a listing of magazines, books, and book dealers that specialize in the Civil War. Lawliss describes the *Southern Partisan* as follows: "Also waving the Stars and Bars is the *Southern Partisan*, a quarterly review that describes itself as 'the new voice of the Old South.'"

The Civil War Sourcebook is a book to carry on a vacation or weekend trip to a Civil War site. Any visit will be improved by using Lawliss' information.

—B.B.

The Politics of Change in Georgia: A Political Biography of Ellis Arnall

by Harold Paulk Henderson.

University of Georgia Press, 1991, 345 pages, \$29.95.

Any biography of Ellis Arnall would be a "political biography." Son of one of Georgia's wealthiest families, president of his class each year in high school, and honors graduate of the University of Georgia Law School despite never buying textbooks. Arnall believed himself ordained to a career in politics.

Political victories came early. Arnall won election to the Georgia state legislature in 1932 at age 25, and six years later was elected the nation's youngest state Attorney General. In four years he produced over 5000 opinions and won 687 of

the 780 cases argued on behalf of the state. But his independence and leadership of the populist, progressive wing of the Democratic Party brought Arnall into conflict with Governor Eugene Talmadge.

Arnall and Talmadge finally squared off in the 1942 gubernatorial race. Talmadge appeared invincible. His powerful personality had dominated the Georgia one-party system, winning three terms as governor. He painted himself as the friend of the state's rural poor, bragging that the "poor dirt farmer ain't got but three friends on this earth: God Almighty, Sears Roebuck, and Gene Talmadge." But the people elected Ellis Arnall in a landslide.

As the nation's youngest governor, Arnall pushed his reform package through the legislature in only 24 days. His program included improvements in education, a streamlined budget system, a reformed prison system that restricted the clemency power of the governor, and creation of state boards protected from political tampering. In his term Georgia became the first state to lower the voting age to eighteen and to give soldiers on active duty the right to vote. These reforms were accomplished without a tax increase and while paying off \$36 million in debt accrued during the Talmadge years.

Although Arnall attacked "the teaching of racial equality and Yankee Republican carpetbag rule in Democratic Georgia," he abolished the poll tax, repudiated racial rhetoric in campaigns, and refused to defy the Supreme Court when it outlawed segregated primaries.

Prevented by law from a second term as governor, Arnall became successful in writing, lecturing, and business. This biography by Harold Paulk Henderson disproves the myth that Southern politicians have stood only for segregation. —B.B. ☛

The Smoke Never Clears

by Rod Gragg

Soldiering in the Army of the Tennessee
by Larry J. Daniel
UNC Press, 231 pages, \$22.50.

Confederate Sam Watkins would have liked this book. *Co. Aytch*, Private Watkins' colorful and moving account of life in the Confederate Army of Tennessee has become standard fare in histories of The War. But it is one soldier's story. Larry Daniel, a minister-historian in Memphis, now gives us the big picture of the Army of Tennessee, and does so with a graceful, illustrative word-portrait that covers a remarkable amount of history with a 168-page text.

Daniel's survey includes an appropriate amount of analysis, rendered in a knowledgeable and readable manner, but the strength of this work lies in the words of the soldiers who were there. Daniel quotes them frequently and, as always, it is powerful stuff. "I am extremely anxious, however, to get away from this big army and breathe a little fresh air," wrote a Confederate from the siege of Atlanta. "The great number of dead horses, mules and human beings make the air extremely offensive in the vicinity of the trenches." A Louisiana soldier described products of a field hospital: a large box filled with feed and arms & hands. It was so full that 2 horrible bloody feet protruded out of the top."

Daniel appears to have researched his subject thoroughly and the book includes a lengthy bibliography of sources related to the War in the West. He does not try to duplicate Tom Connelly's in-depth study of the Army of Ten-

nessee, but instead has produced a profile of the army similar in style to Bell Wiley's *Life of Johnny Reb*. Daniel's best chapter may be his survey of the revival that swept the rough-living, war-torn troops of the Army of Tennessee. Daniel understands the 19th Century soldier and therefore recognizes the importance of that Western revival. "For most soldiers the transformation was genuine and deeply personal," he observes. "For many it was the only thing that made life bearable and death hopeful in the midst of the horror of war." Daniel's concluding observation on the Army of Tennessee: "If the soldiers of the West were lacking in the refinement and esprit that characterized the army in Virginia, they never lacked in courage."

Sam Watkins would agree.

Richard Taylor: Soldier Prince of Dixie
by T. Michael Parrish
UNC Press, 553 pages, \$34.95.

General Richard Taylor has long deserved a serious biography. Finally, one is available. Brother-in-law to President Davis and son of U.S. President Zachary Taylor, Richard Taylor was one of the best and the brightest of the Confederacy. A lack of primary source material apparently discouraged biographers from giving colorful Dick Taylor appropriate attention. Undaunted, author Michael Parrish located and assembled Taylor's papers from repositories around the country. The result is an important profile of a major player. Taylor's contribution to the

South occurred in two theaters of The War. He commanded the famous Louisiana Brigade and made a name for himself as a successful combat commander in the Eastern Theater, then proved himself to be a tough opponent in the Trans-Mississippi Theater. A genuine Southern cavalier through the end, Taylor made a lasting impression on the literature of The War with the classic memoir, *Destruction and Reconstruction*. With 501 pages of narration, *Soldier Prince of Dixie* might have moved faster with a hundred fewer pages. But that is minor complaint. This is an obviously thorough biography, based on what appears to be a major scholastic effort, and it is a principal addition to War Between the States biography. And besides, what a wonderful and appropriate title: *Soldier Prince of Dixie*.

Jedediah Hotchkiss: Rebel Mapmaker and Virginia Businessman
by Peter William Roper
White Mane Publishing Co., 330 pages, \$29.95.

Equally thorough is this biography of Stonewall Jackson's cartographer. Hotchkiss is no stranger to students of the War and much has been written about him, but Peter William Roper has produced a detailed, complete biography. A former British army captain and World War II combat veteran, Roper began research on Hotchkiss while a graduate student under the famed Southern historian Frank Vandiver. Less than half of Roper's profile deals with Hotchkiss' activities in The War; much is devoted to his busy and influential postwar life. Here too is the saga of Hotchkiss' famous maps, which had a life of their own. Endnotes, a bibliography and reproduction of numerous maps make this a worthy work for students of Jackson and the Virginia Theater. ✽

nery O'Connor, "Georgia's country woman," possessed a profound Catholic vision of life, and her novels translated Aquinas into Southern dialect. When criticized for her novels' grotesque characters, O'Connor responded that "to the hard of hearing you shout, and for the almost blind you draw large and startling figures."

Richard Weaver echoed the ancient wisdom of Aristotle and Aquinas in insisting upon the necessity for order in society, and he looked to a sense of place to define society's order. Montgomery writes that "the sense of social and political place in community ... feeds a hunger in every man." It is this sense of order and place that strengthened the South to survive the violence of unlimited aggression unleashed by Sherman and Sheridan, the forced unconditional surrender at Appomattox, and the severe trials of Reconstruction.

Cleanth Brooks urged Southerners to seize the "accidents of being born Southern." By this he encouraged sons of the South to take advantage of those fortunate accidents of language, tradition, and heritage, and thereby discover a truth beyond ourselves. Montgomery writes of Brooks: "As wise elder reader speaking to us about the nature of the community of man, he reveals that we must make discoveries about a larger "Southernness" than simply the American South."

In an essay entitled "Solshenitsyn as Southerner," Montgomery discusses the Russian novelist's lament that "men of the soil" are being replaced by "people of the air, who have lost all their roots in everyday existence." It is ironic that as "men of the soil" reclaim sovereignty in Poland, Ukraine, and the Balkans, "people of the air" continue to dominate the United States, a nation founded in the

name of freedom.

Each page speaks wisdom: that the rightness of the Southern cause lies not in its being Southern, but in its being right. ✽

Bryant Burroughs is a freelance writer from Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

Continued from Page 49

source appears to have been Marquis James' *Andrew Jackson: the Border Captain*, published in 1933. He did not use Robert V. Remini's *Andrew Jackson and the Course of American Empire*, which was published in 1977 and included much material unavailable to James. He does cite volumes by Reginald Horsman and Jahn K. Mahon, but that work by Mahon which he used did not include his work on the Battle of New Orleans.

Most contemporary historians disagree with Elting in his conclusion that the Battle New Orleans was less decisive than those fought in the North. Much of what he says about the Battle of New Orleans appears to have come from Henry Adams, the author of an outstanding account written around the turn of the century about the war on the Canadian border but also a poor account of the war in the South. One can only conclude that, like Adams, Colonel Elting does not consider the war in the South to be very important. The significance of the war in the South is certainly debatable as far as the size of the operations. There were far fewer men involved in that part of the conflict, making it a much smaller military operation. It represented, nevertheless, an extremely significant action, and New Orleans was perhaps the greatest American victory of the war. Not only did Jackson win a major battle but he saved Louisiana for the United States.

Like some historians writing about this conflict, Elting seems to think that because the Battle of New Orleans was fought after the signing of the Treaty of Ghent, it was of no real importance. What he and others appear not to realize is that the British did not recognize the Louisiana Purchase and, thus, did not recognize Louisiana as American territory. It was not, therefore, included in the Treaty of Ghent.

From a strictly military point of view, Elting makes a curious statement concerning British operations in the west bank of the Mississippi. He suggests that the British, had they continued to advance up the west bank, would have forced Jackson to evacuate his present position. (page 308) The British, with little artillery of their own, had captured some of Commander Daniel Patterson's guns and an undetermined amount of ammunition. These same guns, probably better supplied with ammunition, had been firing on the British positions day and night with little effect. Why then would they have been so much more effective against Jackson? Had the war continued, the British might have eventually defeated Jackson but not in the area south of New Orleans.

Colonel Elting, a graduate of Stanford University and the Colorado State College of Education, retired from active duty with the U. S. Army in 1968. He has since authored several volumes concerning military history. His book is well written and interesting. He has created a generally accurate account, the southern campaign excepted, which is well worth reading. Algonquin Books has done an excellent job of printing and illustrating this work, making it an attractive volume. ✽

Frank Lawrence Owsley, Jr. is Professor of History at Auburn University.

Dividing Line

by Samuel Francis

Flagging Sense of History

Every few years, the battle is fought all over again. This time it's in Georgia, where Gov. Zell Miller is sponsoring a bill to rip the Confederate battle flag out of the state's official banner. But having charged up the hill in the latest engagement of America's continuing cultural war, Miller may look around when he gets the top and find that the troops didn't follow.

Four Southern states still sport some version of the Confederate flag, and despite the growling of black activists, resident Yankees and outright scalawags from down home, every attempt to cut the Confederacy out of those banners has always flopped. But Miller is the first governor to endorse such efforts, and maybe he'll rally his troops after all.

In Georgia's case, the flag design doesn't date from Civil War days but from 1956—when the state legislature, vowing to resist Supreme Court desegregation, raised the pennant of resistance. Hence, avers the governor, the flag “is a last vestige of days that not only are gone, but also of days we have no right to be proud of.” Miller evidently shares the common delusion that the only reason to raise the Confederate flag, then, now or ever, was racial, and like most cheap politicians ignorant of the history of their own communities, he utterly misses its larger symbolism.

Refusal to bend to the bad law invented by Earl Warren's Supreme Court was at least as important a reason for Southern resistance to court-mandated desegregation as any passion for white supremacy, and similar concerns about states' rights and the survival of Southern culture were central to the Confederacy. Its flag was a convenient symbol of such concerns, in the 1950s as in the 1860s, and only by swallowing the superstition that the South was monolithically addicted to racism can Miller's guilt trip be sustained.

Actually, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People's Southeastern regional director, Earl Shinholster, who, to say the least, agrees with the governor about the flag, offers more interesting reasons. “That the flag is simply not representative of all the people in Georgia,” he flares. He might be right. Atlanta, site of the 1996 Olympics,

is not exactly the city of Rhett and Scarlett anymore, and probably a good many of its residents, white and black, don't even know the dates of the Civil War, let alone think the South should have won. There is a school of thought among unreconstructed Southerners that the best thing Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman ever did was burn Atlanta, and some wish he'd come back and torch it again.

Shinholster's reasoning seems to grant that the Confederate flag and its present-day descendant once did represent most Georgians, but his view that public symbolism ought to change with the composition of the community has certain implications. If Southern states are supposed to slice up their symbols in accordance with political fashion and demographic chemistry, why should the surgery be confined to them?

Both George Washington and Thomas Jefferson were slaveholders, and Abraham Lincoln as a young lawyer once showed up in court with a set of chains to slap on a slave he was trying to return to bondage.

Both Jefferson and Lincoln uttered sentiments about Blacks that today would force them into oblivion faster than Jimmy the Greek's thighs could carry him. Surely Shinholster doesn't think the public memorials by which the nation honors these men still represent Americans today? Just as surely, Gov. Miller ought to be ashamed of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln as he is of his own state's history.

The point is that some events and the symbols attached to them help define a community in ways that the arithmetic of demography and voting returns don't and can't, and those definitions are pretty much permanent—at least as permanent as the communities themselves. There comes a point at which the

alteration of public symbols ceases to be mere adaptation and becomes a furious erasure of a culture's identity and an onslaught on the culture itself.

It may be that Shinholster is right that Georgia has changed so much that its older symbols have ceased to be meaningful, but the same can be said of the whole country. Let no one imagine that the national symbols are any more sacred than regional ones or that those ready to smash Confederate icons won't get around to the others in due course.

If Georgia is still Georgia and America is still America, the war against their old symbols will fail. If they've evolved into entirely different species, then they need different symbols. Georgians, Southerners and Americans in general need to think about it—and whether they really want to live under the new symbols Shinholster and Miller will invent for them.



© 1992 The Washington Times
Distributed by Tribune Media Services, Inc.

Classified

Classified Ad Rates: \$15.00 per insertion for thirty words or less. Each additional word—50 cents. This rate is discounted 10% for repeat placement of the same ad. Payment must accompany order. The Southern Partisan reserves the right to refuse, by our standards of merit, taste, and good judgment, any ad submitted. Send order to: Advertising Southern Partisan Post Office Box 11708 Columbia, SC 29211.

Like Buchanan? You'll love us! The Populist Party—America's Nationalist-Conservative Party of the MIDDLE CLASS. FOR MORE INFORMATION WRITE: POPULIST PARTY P.O. BOX 1992-SP FORD CITY, PENNSYLVANIA 16226.

The Soul of the South: Families share stories, images of Confederate ancestors. Military headstones in country churchyards. 1991 edition. Videograph. Hour. \$32.95 postpaid. The Southern Army Album, 4833 Arcadia Road, Columbia, SC 29206.

In defense of Dixie & Our Flag. Audio tape, length: 90 minutes. (This tape tells the source and reasons for the attacks on our Southern Heritage.) Charles Lunsford, national spokesman for the Sons of Confederate Veterans, tells the who, what and why of this national campaign of oppression. Dr. Matthew Sandel gives the historical background of this type of attack. This presentation was made just one week after Gov. Zell Miller of Georgia began a

public campaign to remove the Confederate Battle Flag from the Georgia state flag. If you can get any radio station to air all or part of this audio tape, you have our permission. 1 tape, \$8; 10 tapes, \$5 each; 20+, \$4 each. We pay shipping. Send check or money order to ALL-MEDIA, 4889 Northland Drive NE, Atlanta, Georgia 30342. Visa/MC orders (\$20 minimum) call (800) 942-2447.

Education: Frustrated with our Educational System? You can do something! Plans and organizational info send \$12 to Hargrove. Post Office Box 62155, Colorado Springs, Colorado, 80962.

CSA News. Tired of Yankee lies? Confederate bashers? Want action instead of talk? Our newsletter challenges Dixie haters, reverse racists, government Pinkos. Bimonthly. \$10.00 annually. Get on the cutting edge! Order CSA News from CSA News, Post Office

Athens, GA 30306.

(Georgians please add 5% tax.) For program titles, critical reviews and a free brochure, send a legal size SASE. To discuss bulk orders, call the Bandmaster at (706)543-4559.

Concertizing in 9 states from the Potomac to the Mississippi, the 37th GVI's distinctive brass band, fife and drum corps and songsters have appeared in 2 award-winning

movies (Glory and The Rose and the Jackal) as well as conventions, cotillions, parades, reenactments and patriotic/civic ceremonies. Popular wartime tunes of Yank and Reb alike are presented within a varied concert repertoire—all performed in genuine mid-19th Century style on antique wind and percussion instruments. During the War of 1861-1865 this famous musical ensemble became known as "The Best Band in the Western Army."

Volume III available Dec. 1992



The Regimental Band

37th Georgia Volunteer Infantry

You are there! Hear authentic band music of the 1860s played by the 37th Georgia on 1-hour stereo cassettes professionally recorded from digital audio masters. Write for: Confederate Band Concert, Vol. 1: Serenade in Gray \$10 + \$1.50 S&H. Confederate Band Concert, Vol. 2: Memories of Home, Camp and Field, \$12+\$1.50 S&H.

Mail check or money order to: The Confederate Brass, Inc., 766 Riverhill Dr.,

KRISTIN

A READING BY
ANDREW LYTLE

Distinguished novelist, critic, and teacher Andrew Lytle turns his creative insight to a much overlooked literary classic, Nobel Prize winner Sigrid Undset's *Saga of Kristin Lavransdatter*.

Lytle's sensitive interpretation will be an invaluable companion to modern readers of this classic.

104 pages, \$17.95



UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI PRESS

2910 LeMone Boulevard • Columbia, MO 65201
1-800-828-1894

Box 686, Blanco, Texas, (512) 833-4622.

Attention Confederate Mariners.

Brush-up on your Celestial Navigation and keep Admiral Semmes proud of you. Send for Hank Phillips' highly acclaimed book, **WORLDWIDE ADVENTURES IN CELESTIAL NAVIGATION**. Contains 20 celestial problems encompassing the world. Answers included; sextant not required. Send \$15.00 to: Hank Phillips, 3 Idlewild Circle, Fort Walton Beach, Florida 32547. Florida residents add 6% tax.

One-man play on the life of Robert E. Lee.

Ideal for college and high school audiences. For manuscript information, contact: Joe Scotchie, (212)563-4008.

Catholic, Southern and Conservative Books

by Burnham, DeMaistre, Guardini, Lytle, Shakespeare, Tate, Weaver, etc. Send \$1.00 for catalogue to: Contra Mundum Booksellers, 203 Alma, Dept. S, St. Marys, KS 66536.

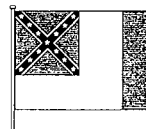
New, hardback Confederate Nation Series

from the publishers of the Journal of Confederate History—see why reviewers call this the "premier" publication in the field. Brochure available. Southern Heritage Press, Post Office Box 1615, Murphreesboro, Tennessee 37133.



The Ruffin Flag Company

318 Cooper Avenue
Hancock, Michigan 49930
(906) 482-5555



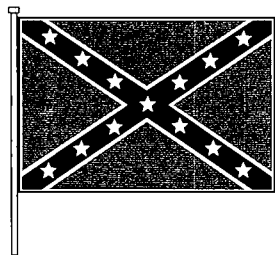
ALL SEWN-CONSTRUCTION CONFEDERATE FLAGS *Specify nylon or cotton.*

	3'x5'	4'x6'	5'x8'
STARS & BARS (FIRST NATIONAL)	\$55	\$66	\$88
SECOND NATIONAL (STAINLESS BANNER)	73	89 (4'x8')	128 (5'x10')
THIRD NATIONAL	73	89	128
BATTLE FLAG (FIRST NAVY JACK) <i>Add \$8 w/white border.</i>	73	89	128
BONNIE BLUE	34	42	78

REGULATION BATTLE FLAGS *Official sizes, bordered in white.*

Add \$4.50 per letter/number for customization.

CAVALRY	32"X32"	\$96
ARTILLERY	38"X38"	98
INFANTRY	51"X51"	114



CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAGS

12"X18" NYLON	\$8	Marine size
2'X3' NYLON OR COTTON	15	Marine size
3'X5' POLYESTER	12	
3'X5' NYLON OR COTTON	27	
4'X6' NYLON OR COTTON	38	
38"X38" NYLON Bordered in white.	36	Limited Edition
51"x51" NYLON Bordered in white.	40	Limited Edition

STARS & BARS, 2ND & 3RD NATIONAL, BONNIE BLUE	3'X5' NYLON	\$27
	3'X5' POLY.	12
CSA-SEAL (FULL-COLOR) T-SHIRT 100% COTTON	XL	12
	XXL	14
EMBOSSSED ALUMINUM AUTO TAGS:		
Stars & Bars, Third National, Bonnie Blue and Regulation Battle/Alabama		\$4

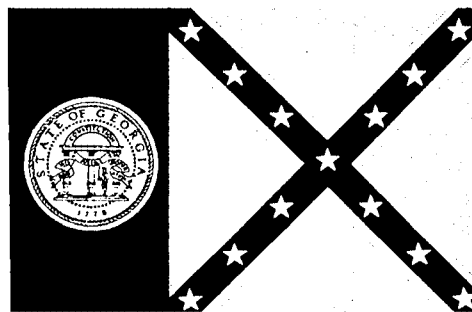
SEND SKETCHES FOR QUOTES ON CUSTOM FLAGS

ADD \$3.90 SHIPPING

CHECK OR MONEY ORDER ONLY

SAVE THE FLAG

Gov. Zell Miller has vowed to remove the Confederate Battle Flag from Georgia's flag even though polls show 67% of Georgians are opposed. SO FAR Governors in Ala., Miss. and S.C. have not advocated this position. Organized political opposition, not talk, is our only hope!



FOR SALE: Confederate Infantry/Union Infantry

1/32 (54mm) scale, soft gray/blue high quality plastic soldiers for painting or play. \$10.00 per box, including U.S. shipping. Canadian orders add 10%. 20 figures per box, 10 different poses. \$.50 per box will be donated to the ORGANIZED opposition. Send no. of boxes of Confederate or Union infantry plastic soldiers with \$10.00 per box to:

Southern Joy, Inc. P.O. Box 898 Hephzibah, GA 30815 Phone:(706) 592-2253

FROM THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECRET SIX" . . .

OTTO SCOTT'S COMPASS

A CULTURAL NEWSLETTER

DISCUSSING CONTEMPORARY ISSUES

FROM A HISTORICAL VIEWPOINT;

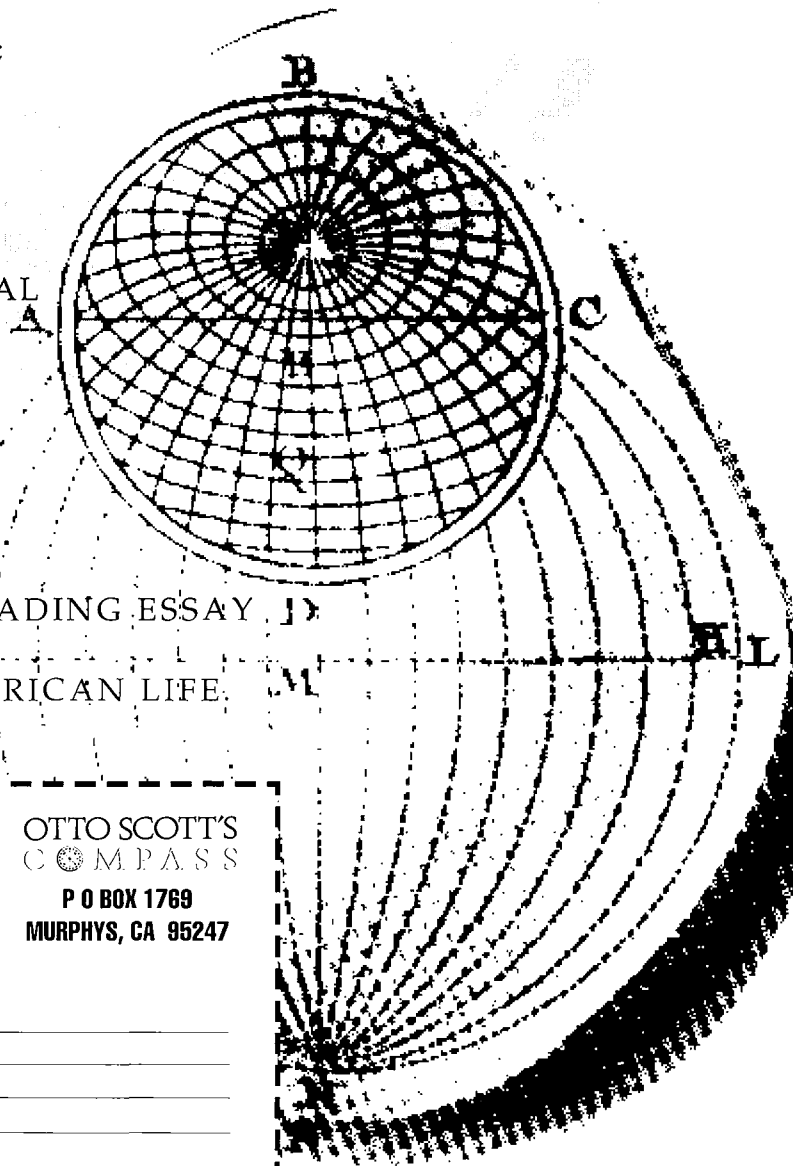
FOCUSING ON EVENTS PAST

PRESENT & FUTURE,

COMPASS PROVIDES AN ORIGINAL
REPORT ON MODERN LIFE;

FEATURING HONEST BOOK
PLAY & MOVIE REVIEWS

& A POLITICALLY INCORRECT LEADING ESSAY
ON THE SILENT ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE.



YES, PLEASE ENTER MY SUBSCRIPTION TO:

- ☐ \$50 for a U.S. subscription 12 monthly issues
☐ \$55 for a foreign subscription of 12 monthly issues

OTTO SCOTT'S
COMPASS

P O BOX 1769
MURPHYS, CA 95247

Check payable to: OTTO SCOTT'S COMPASS

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____

STATE: _____ ZIP: _____